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NEW ORLEANS, "THE CRESCENT CITY."

"TIME? Egad, sir, time was made for slaves! for slaves, sir! And we've had emancipation."

Thus our old friend the colonel, in answer to my suggestion to proceed to New Orleans

no dread of the water, the boat, perhaps, offers more temptingly. You sail down the bay by sunset; have a view of Mobile, and of the water-batteries for its defence in the late war; and have a passing glimpse of "Spanish

breeze, and breakfast in New Orleans be-times. And, as the colonel solemnly enunciated in unanswerable argument:

"Egad! I know the steward. We'll taste the Gulf fish—a *pompino*, egad!"



FRENCH OPERA-HOUSE.

by rail. The traveller could take his choice of railway or steamer. If he be a "slave," he can take the former, whirl over the new road, built over bog and swamp, and reach New Orleans in five hours after leaving Mobile—"E. & O. E." But, with leisure, and

Fort," and that grim sentinel, Fort Morgan, with which Admiral Farragut had his famous and protracted duel. Then you smoke your cigar on deck, as you glide over the starlit face of Lake Ponchartrain; dive below, and have a comfortable sleep in the fresh Gulf

But even that king among the finny tribe may prove unpalatable, should the unlucky traveller meet one of the rare "northera." This peculiar wind sweeps down over the Gulf as sudden, as unwarning, and almost as deadly, as the dreaded *kamsin* of the des-

ert. Twenty minutes will serve to churn the smiling bay into a seething caldron; to change the summer sunset into an almost arctic night; and to drive before its resistless power every thing that dares to show a rag of sail. Then, pierced to the marrow by the sudden cold, dripping with damp that defies wrappings, and racked by the tossing of the boat, you hear the dictum, "No water in Grant's Pass!" That, translated, means that the sheer force of the wind has blown the inside passage bare; means a tossing and sleepless night of discomfort, not unmixed with danger, in going outside. And happy indeed for you, if left in blessed ignorance of the sorrows of Mr. Jeemes Yellowplush, when he "first learned what basinks were made for."

At a first glance, New Orleans lies before you any thing but a smiling picture. Built upon marshy flats, below the level of high river, the whole water-front is protected by the levee, which is at once bulwark, storehouse, and highway. The narrow streets opening on this are very "ancient and fish-like;" high, gloomy warehouses make the sun a rare visitor to their rough pavement;

and the accumulations of rubbish and the imperfect sewerage, flavor the river-breeze with odors not of Araby. The old town, through which you first pass, is the original seat of the city; and it stands today the chosen stronghold of those habits, so strange and so little known, that make this a city unlike all others. Frenchtown lies almost within the quadrilateral, formed by the four great streets that originally were lines of defence from savage and from foreign attack; and to this day Canal Street, the great thoroughfare of the city, is a half-recognized boundary between the French and American cities. In this quarter the houses are dingy and weathered, yet with a venerable look as they cluster close together,

and seem to cower, as if in fear of overflow. Many of them jut out with overhanging balconies, and, through high-arched *porte cochères*, you catch glimpses of rough-paved, rectangular courts. In some of these the water is feebly splashing in age-discolored fountains; again, they are neat and fresh, a *jet d'eau* sending its sparkling rain over gorgeous tropic flowers glowing round, while others display long lines of fluttering garments hung out to dry. Many of these houses date from the days of French possession, and the whole atmosphere of the quarter is heightened to a thoroughly foreign effect. There is nothing in

grinning negresses, in a strange but graceful turban, or crossed over their ample busts, busy with chaffering and cheapening, shrill calls of praise, and dull grunts of dissent; and over all the quick, clicking sound of "gumbo-French," that nondescript tongue of the French mulatto of the coast. Nowhere in the whole South does the negro show so markedly all his distinctive traits as in this French Market. Scarce outside of it can you see the peculiar turban of the women—a *souvenir* of the old days of slavery, and discarded by all the younger growth of the fifteenth amendment. The whole of the old le-

vee, along its entire length, is devoted to market uses, crowded with booths and small carts of the hucksters—generally Deigos or mulattos—filled with knots of varied nationality, and as varied dress, and showing a wealth of comestibles, most toothsome in appearance, and so rare to the sight of the Northern gazer as to be ranked as luxuries, and make him feel to the strawberries and oranges as Tom Hood alluded to the little foreign children who "spoke French." Opposite the market, and impinging on the narrow pavement, as it does upon



CHARTRES STREET, NEAR ST. PETER'S.

the appearance of the place, nor of the people passing, to relieve the feeling that you have suddenly dropped into some very old French or Italian town. Clattering over rough-paved streets, you come suddenly upon the French Market, a fixed institution of New Orleans that not conquest, the late war, nor time—not even Progress herself—has been powerful to change. Here, at one glimpse, you have some of the most singular of the features of this eminently singular city. A bright and busy scene, this market, thronged with French, Deigos, creoles, mulattoes, white Americans, and negroes, in one seething mass; vocal with Spanish expletives and French exclamations; bright with gaudy bandannas, tied round the heads of rotund and

the roadway, are the shops of small traders, claiming every country under the sun. Here, clothing and onions hang side by side; shoes, fruit, hardware, and confectionery, mix in confusion past description. Yet, out of all this chaos, jabbering customer and keen-eyed dealer manage to draw not only order but profit; and smallest bargains are ratified and carried out amid a hubbub and rattle that irresistibly recall the far different scenes of the New York gold-room on a field-day.

Two things strike the stranger specially in his walk through the French Market. One is the jolly, unctuous effect of the negroes, particularly the women; for they seem to live habitually on "the possum-fat" of song, and display their rounded figures in scant drapery,

topped by the unique Madras turban. The other is the peculiar voices of the people of the lower orders. Sharp, high, or loud, as they may speak, the voice is seldom a head one, and never nasal, and the laughter that bubbles out has the trickling smoothness of the native syrups. Doubtless, the climate causes the change, for we can note it in those who have lived long away from their native North or West. In the limits of Frenchtown the accepted language is French. It is the medium, not only of social intercourse, but of business, and of the administration of justice; and, in many localities, the stranger, losing his way or wanting his toddy, would have to take refuge in the language of signs. Even though this is much changed since the war, I still know many persons, born, bred, and grown to old age in New Orleans, who speak or understand no word of English.

Emerging into Canal Street, we wake at a bound into the full-moving life of an American city, tempered greatly, although it be with the all-pervading French atmosphere. Canal Street itself is a beautiful thoroughfare, splendidly built up with modern stores, and having a width unknown to the East. Down its centre run open plats—sodded spaces enclosed in iron railings, with footpaths through them—and up and down on each side pass the many lines of horse-cars, their jingling bells sending a merry peal of Yankee progress defiantly athwart the mediæval atmosphere of Old Town. These cars are admirably managed, not only here, but all over the city; and General Beauregard—since he beat his sword into a switch-rail—has laid some admirable curves, and made some improvements of his own, that are pointed out with much satisfaction to the stranger. Canal Street is to New Orleans what Broadway, the Avenue, and Central Park, combined, are to New York. Here the languid creole beauty, the brusque country-girl, the confident belle from up-town, and the hotel stranger, meet on neutral ground for that great purpose that ever makes the female heart throb in sisterhood—shopping, or, for that other cause that makes the hate of Capulet, showing their toilets. Every bright day the broad street is thronged with ladies of every age and every shade. And, when the shopping by column slackens, and only battalions charge down upon the exhausted polyglots who wield scissors and yard-stick, then comes the promenade beyond the stores, where we have a dress parade of silken harness, nodding plumes, and parasols in rest.

No women in America dress better than the creoles, and all New Orleans dresses like the creoles. In New York there is perhaps greater richness, and there is something "*chic*" about an avenue-street costume hard to define, and equally hard to excel. But, in New York, each lady wears what she does because some one else wears it; while the creole uses that careful and perfect adaptability of color and of cut to complexion and to form that alone insures a perfect *ensemble*. For the street-dressing perhaps an expert would give the palm to Fifth Avenue rather than to Canal Street; but at the opera, or a dress-night, at a ball, or in their own *salons*,



NEW ORLEANS, FROM THE RIVER.

there could be no more exquisite blending of simplicity and elegance than New Orleans can show. Nor is taste confined to the high-born or wealthy. The women of the lower classes are admirably imitative; and on Sundays and holidays, when they are out in force, it is rare to see an ill-chosen glove, or a badly-trimmed bonnet.

The men dress now more like the English; but, until the war and its changes, they used the French styles, and were consequently the worst dressed in the world.

Jumping on one of the many horse-cars, you pass rapidly up-town through wider streets, where the hand of progress has given more modern shape and fresher aspect to the buildings. The names on the signs are more American, and the exteriors of the houses show the national tendency for smart paint, rather than the Spanish one for parrots and singing-birds, or the French one for flowers. Passing many churches, and some imposing buildings, and threading streets that run round corners and are bifurcated by open plats, you see the neighboring lions of the moment. These are the ice-factory, where the panting population can be served, in any weather, and at a less cost than by natural supply; and near it is the tall, many-windowed elevator, looking like a distended and dingy Argus, watching over the water for intruders. The recent use of these grain-elevators has done much for the business of New Orleans, and their simple application of the endless chain is an equal saving of time and labor. All round this part of the city, with the busy wharf-men on the levee, the noisy rattle of the horse-cars, and the puffing of manufactories, the American life comes strongly out as well as American drinks; and the tesselated floors are slippery with tobacco-spittle. For the moment we have left the French element outside, and may feel at home—if we have come from the North.

I do not mean that the hotels are any thing but good. They are far the best one meets after leaving Louisville; and in the olden days the St. Charles and St. Louis were celebrated for their *cuisine* no less than for their rare wines and their grand *bals masqués*. The colonel was my *cicerone* on my first visit in eighteen-hundred-and-ever-so-few.

"Such a hotel!" he exclaimed, with tears in his voice, and a spoon in his mouth—"such soups! I'll come here to live. Egad, sir! Out of New Orleans nobody cooks! nobody, egad!"

And his commendation was just of the hotels of those days. For cellar, kitchen, and service, they were unequalled on the continent; and, for variety in their patrons, they were unequalled anywhere. Two distinct sets—as unmixable as oil and water—frequented the larger ones. The *habitués*, easy-going but critical to a degree, and par-

ticular to a year about their wine, lived on comfortably and evenly. They paid well, but they had the worth of their money, enjoying the very best of the luxurious city, and never having excuse even for complaint.

But the up-river people flocked in at some seasons by hundreds. They crowded the lobbies, filled the spare bedrooms, stuffed the money-drawer, and ate what was put before them with but little knowledge save that it was French. Then there were the planters, who came down for a talk with their factors, or to give "the girls" a week in town after a summer on the plantation. One half of them are terribly busy; the other half have nothing to do after the first day—they always stay a week—and so assume an air of quiet criticism that is as funny to the knowing ones as it is expensive to them.

In the — Hotel one evening, the colonel, as a favored guest, took me on an exploring tour with mine host. It ended in the wine-cellar—a vaulted chamber whose mysteries were seldom open to the outer world. Long rows of graceful necks, golden-crowned and tall, peered over the dust and cobwebs of nearly a generation; bottles aldermanic and plethoric seemed bursting with the boarded fatness of the vine; clear, white glass burned a glowing ruby with the red-blooded Burgundy. Lean, jaundiced bottles, carefully bedded like invalid rows in a hospital, told of rare and priceless hocks; and crusty port—gout in every drop—lay on its side as if put on the inclined plan for spinal disease. From arch to arch our garrulous *cicerone* leads us, with heightened relish as we get deeper among his treasures and farther away from the daylight.

"There!" he exclaims, at last, with a deep gulp of triumph—"there! That sherry is the king of wines! Ninety years ago M. Adrien, of the great house of —, sent that wine in his own ships. Ninety-odd years! and thirty of them it has lain in my cellar, never touched but by my own hand."

He holds up the candle to the shelf, inch-deep in dust; and the light darts into the very heart of the amber fluid, seeming to laugh there, and sparkle back an echo from behind the fantastic drapery the spiders have festooned around it.

"But you don't sell that wine?" half gasped the colonel. "Egad! you don't sell it to those—people—up-stairs?"

"I did once," and mine host sighs ruefully. "A great cotton-man came down. He was a king on the river; he wanted the best. Money was nothing to him; I whispered of this; I said twenty dollars the bottle. And, colonel, he—he didn't like it!"

"Merciful Heaven!" The colonel waxed wroth.

"So François there took him a bottle of that Xeres in the outer bin—we sell it to you for one dollar the bottle—and he said that was wine!"

Of late years the hotels have declined in ratio with their customers' pockets; and the pride of the creole *cuisine* is left to be vindicated by the restaurants. These are numerous as "sample-rooms" in New York, and are interspersed with *cafés* and with "saloons" in equal proportion to Mobile.

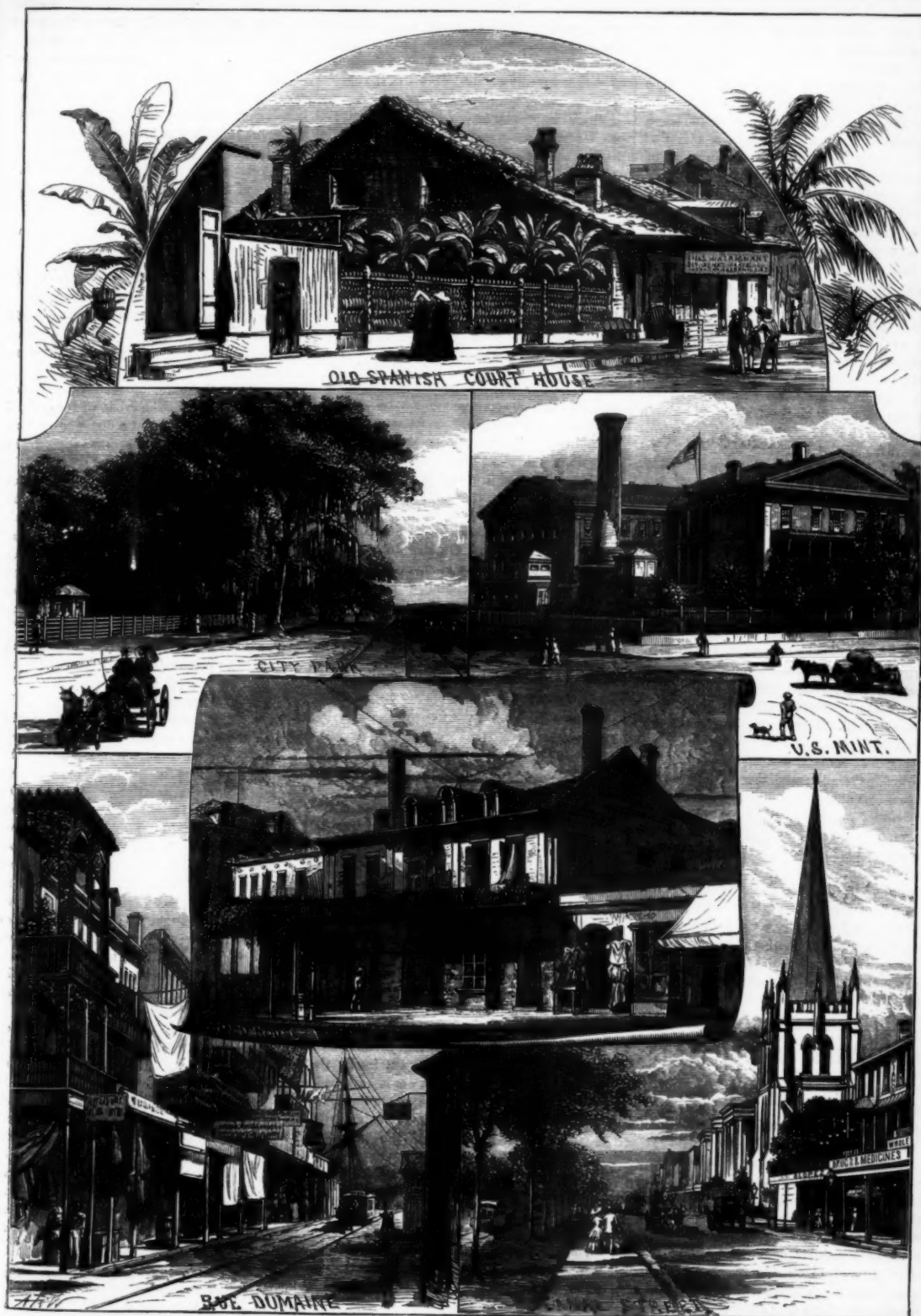
But the three principal ones—Victor's, Moreau's, and John's—are for some points unequalled by any in the Union. Not only is part of their material unobtainable elsewhere, but there is a cunning in the manipulation of particular dishes that none but the French native of the Gulf cities may attain. Who would eat a *gumbo* elsewhere? Who dare a *chou farci*? Quiet, fresh with snowy linen, and sparkling with polished table-ware, the dozen little tables around you may all be full—a party at each, and yet you find none of the bustle and skurry of the Eastern and Western restaurants. The chances are that every other man is a *viseur*; that nine in ten are *habitués*; and the velvet-shod *garçons* have a quiet in their swiftest motions that never makes a jar on the nerves of digestion. And at one of these you find the simple toast and *café-au-lait* served with the same care as the most costly dinner or most *recherché* supper after the opera.

Very differently to Mobile does the Crescent City strike the stranger, particularly if he pass direct from one place to the other. Crowds are in the narrow streets; there is constant hum and bustle of seeming work; the supple, olive creole moves rapidly—his bright, black eyes roving restlessly as he goes—as though he had caught the infection of the jostling Yankee, and "had it bad." Yet the superficial observer may be much deceived. The population is four times that of Mobile, but it is, as we have seen, a wondrous jumble of nationalities.

Before the war the city was confessedly at the head of commercial importance, no less than of progress. That great Southern aspiration, direct trade, had been more nearly compassed by her than by any city save New York. There were several lines to Europe; and the direct connection of her leading merchants with European houses was a matter of nationality—and often of family—no less than of business. The coasting-trade and that with the islands was very heavy; and the river business—running back to the Red-River region and up to the limits of the cotton States—was immense, in return for cotton, syrups, and sugars. In those days the competition of rail with water transit was in its infancy; and New Orleans was the recognized port of all the section of the tributaries to the great "Father of Waters;" and she gathered the huge granaries of the West into her storehouses. But the war, with its ruinous losses; military occupation and lost time; the reversed relations of planter and factor—to be more fully noted elsewhere; but, above all, the rapid strides of railway competition for Eastern freights—all these have left the city beautiful still, but shorn of her power.

At her levees we see forests of masts; stately English ships and black-hulled steamships lie in the stream; dense clouds of smoke hang over the river-front from hundreds of boats arriving and departing; while inquisitive black tugs squirm in and out among them, like small dogs sniffing for a bone. Frequent gangs of negro workers, on the levee and about the warehouses, recall the days that are gone; huge piles of cotton-bags and hogsheads are shifted from boat to warehouse, or back to foreign ships; and over the

* Since the above was written, the hotels have undergone great changes and further improvements. The St. Louis Hotel—closed at that time—has recently been opened under the auspices of Colonel Hiram Cranston, of New-York Hotel fame. So, too, the theatres La Variété, the Club Theatre, and "the Wallack's of the South," having been destroyed by fire, but rebuilt, passed a prosperous season under Mr. Lawrence Barrett's management.



SCENES IN NEW ORLEANS.

whole face of things there is the hum of busy commerce. But through it all the knowing eye may detect how the lost time, the exhausted capital, and the unresting rivalry, have told heavily. And that insatiable moth, towage, has eaten an ugly hole in the city's trade that brushing nor patch will hide. Still the cotton business alone is immense, aggregating, in years like this, a sum that would startle the reader without an array of figures in proof. But there are, nevertheless, more men than there is work for them to do; and the local papers estimate the number out of employment—and with no hope of getting it—at over twenty thousand.

But there is nothing gloomy anywhere about this *insouciant*, elastic city. As we have seen, it is brisk, active, and brightly gay. The society is as cultivated and charming as it is unique. On the streets is a buoyant atmosphere of happiness and prosperity; and a drive to the Lake shows a taste in equipages, in horse-flesh, and in dress, that belongs only to a city confident in its own prosperity. "To the Lake"—Ponchartrain—is the drive of New Orleans. At the lake one can quench his thirst with any known liquid; can take a plunge into its blue depths from a bathing-house; or can appease the hunger waked by a long drive in the wind, with viands not unworthy of "Victor's." This drive is the one great resort of the people, as Canal Street is their great field of pedestrian triumph.

The opera and theatres, too, look little like those of a city that had her queenship in commerce disputed by railway pretenders. There are five theatres of the first-class—or were until the recent burning of the Varieties; a stockholders' house, with club facilities attached. These are, in general, well patronized, and the attractions are usually very good. Management there, if judiciously worked, pays well; and there is a gush and joyousness about the audiences that it needs a dash of creole blood to get up. At the opera, on a dress-night, there is a display of beauty and brilliance unsurpassed anywhere; Suffice it to say that New Orleans—in her society, her business, and her amusements—bears upon her fair front the crown of supreme content; and, while perhaps less great than she had aspired to be, there is yet no rival to dispute with her, in any degree, the deserved title of the "Queen City of the South."

T. C. DE LEON.

PHRASES OF OUR LATE WAR.

OF "remarkable sayings," or matter for "quotation-marks," our recent great war was singularly barren. Its poverty of eloquence in the forum and in the cabinet is not more remarkable than its lack of those words which constitute the short and easily-remembered lessons and inspirations of a vast popular commotion. Few words were uttered in all the passion of a four years' war which the world has cared to remember, or which ever attained any thing like general currency among the popular quota-

tions of the times. A few, however, are collected here in a spirit of desultory curiosity; and, possibly, some of them may have an historical interest, and others may yet continue to be counted among the *verba memoralia* of one of the greatest events of the age.

"We desire only to be let alone."—JEFFERSON DAVIS.

In his first message to the Confederate Congress at Montgomery, Alabama, "President" Davis undertook the defence of the right of secession, and crowned an elaborate argument with the declaration quoted above. It was an unfortunate and weak expression, very vulnerable; and easily twisted to the purposes of caricature. It came, indeed, to be extensively caricatured, and thus obtained a popular quotation, much against the dignity of the Southern cause. Every rogue "desired only to be let alone;" it was the ludicrous excuse for all sorts of crime, when the newspapers wanted to make a laughing-stock of any scapegrace, in situations of embarrassment, all the way from the police-court to the historical drama. A popular print in the shop-windows of Northern cities illustrated the argument, and lampooned its author as a burglar making off with his plunder, an armful of miniature fortresses, and ships-of-war, and bags of money, "Uncle Sam" clinging to his coat-tails, and the detained victim, with an air of injured innocence, exclaiming, as he attempts to escape out of a window, "I desire only to be let alone!" The aspiration of Mr. Davis for Southern independence could scarcely have been more unfortunately expressed. It gave a handle to ridicule which was long used against the South, and which yet occasionally serves a turn for popular derision.

"There are Jackson and his men, standing like a stone-wall."—GENERAL BEE.

The above words have been treasured in the South as an heroic legend of what was its most brilliant and decided (not decisive) victory in the late war. In the battle of Manassas (as the South yet persists in calling it, rather than "Bull Run"—the solitary instance where it has not allowed the North to name the fields of the war) the Confederate lines were broken in the early part of the day. General Bee, who commanded some South-Carolina troops among these fragments, sought in vain to rally them, until Jackson and his Virginians came to support them, near the "Stone Bridge;" and then the distressed general called out loudly the words recorded above. The words have been especially endeared and preserved in the South in their application to Jackson individually, having bestowed upon him the name of "Stonewall." It is proper to explain here that General Jackson always and very pertinently declined the name for himself, and insisted that it belonged to his command, and that he had no right to usurp it from them. He was content to remain plain "Jonathan" Jackson. But the Southern public persisted in applying "Stonewall" to him, with such success that he was never afterward popularly known by any other

name; and, indeed, it was so commonly accepted that many have mistaken it for the *bona-fide* baptismal designation of the great Southern general. General Jackson was anxious to perpetuate the name on his command—then a brigade drawn from some of the counties of Piedmont, Virginia; but, in the subsequent reorganization of the Confederate army, the brigade was broken up and lost its identity, and the person of its old commander alone remained to associate and preserve the memory of the scene at Manassas.

"This is a good place to die in."—GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

Another incident of memorable words occurred on the same field of Manassas, a little while after Bee's exclamation and his fall. It was noon when the Confederate left wing, suffering and disordered, had paused on the plateau near the "Henry House," and the Federals were bringing up their reserves for an increased attack. The crisis was perceived by General Beauregard, at a distance of four miles, he then being on the other wing of the army, looking for a development of the battle near Centreville. He swept over the distance as fast as his horse could lay his hoofs to the ground—he bestrode a beautiful blooded animal, a present from Doswell, a somewhat famous horse-fancier of Richmond—and rider and horse burst like a splendid apparition into the midst of the disordered and tremulous scene near the Henry House. The scene is described by one of General Beauregard's staff, who rode at his side, as grand and affecting. The blue and the gold of "the Grand Army" of the North stood in masses on the plain, or were woven into the forest; the light of a splendid summer's sun pulsed on the scene; the blue seats of the distant mountains figured an august amphitheatre; the suspense of tens of thousands of hearts breathed only expectation, and looked for what was next to come. Turning to those immediately near him, and with a great thought glittering in his eyes, General Beauregard said simply, but with an intenseness that sent every brief word to the heart, "This is a good place to die in." The words were instantly caught up; they passed from mouth to mouth; they were undoubtedly part of the inspiration which, ten minutes later, enabled the Confederates to hurl back the foe, and constituted the first wave of triumph that the Southern arms had had in that variable day. In the after-course of the war the words were often repeated by Southern soldiers. They were not only an heroic *souvenir*, but a present inspiration in other difficult situations of the war, and thus obtained a well-deserved currency. They were frequently quoted in the very nick of battle. Rough men in gray, who wore their lives on their sleeves, shouted, as they went into action, "This is a good place to die in!" a sum of simple words much readier in the memory, and thus better, than the elegant paraphrase of Macaulay's ode:

"Then outspake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:
'To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.

And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods?"

"May we kill a thousand, and may the Lord
have mercy on their souls!"—GENERAL PEN-
DLETON.

Among the curiosities of our war, there were not a few commanders who affected the Cromwellian mixture of piety and arms, or sought to copy after the more modern example of the Havelocks, Vickers, etc. The mixture has always been a piquant one in the popular taste. But the peculiar reputations sought after have been the source of much affectation, and not a few caricaturists of "praying generals" might be counted on both sides of our late war. Among the unpleasant imitations of this sort, the sentiment recorded above is perhaps one of the coarsest and most repulsive. In the early months of the first year of the war, when Johnston and Patterson were manœuvring about Winchester, General Pendleton, who commanded the Confederate artillery (he had formerly been Stonewall Jackson's pastor at Lexington), masked a battery on Patterson's advance. As a line of Federals came on the brow of an opposite hill, the guns were sighted, and, just as he commanded them to fire, General Pendleton is related to have leaped into the air, shouting the words which have been quoted. The Southern newspapers generally told the story as an admirable one, and quoted it after the fashion of Cromwell's "Trust in God, and keep your powder dry;" but the apposition was an unworthy one, and it would be better, perhaps, if General Pendleton's once famous invocation were entirely forgotten in the South. There is a flavor of caricature about it; and the sacred color given to its coarseness and brutality seems scarcely better than blasphemy. Yet it may have some interest or serve some lesson as an excellent instance of the affectation that has been described of piety in arms.

"Bombard and be d—d!"—GOVERNOR
LETCHER.

When McClellan in 1862 was coming up "the Peninsula" to invest Richmond, there was in that city a day of excitement which has since become historical. It was announced one afternoon that the Federal fleet was ascending the river, and, as the water avenue to the Confederate capital was then almost open, the expectation was imminent of a range of iron-clads appearing off Rockett's and bombarding the city. The bells were rung for general alarm, and a hasty and excited concourse of people soon filled the City Hall. Mayor Mayo addressed them in tremulous tones, but with a spirit to which his age and gray hairs afforded a remarkable contrast. He said that, no doubt, Richmond would soon be under the fire of the enemy's fleet. As there was no military commander of the place, Johnston's army being yet distant, the demand for surrender would probably be made upon himself; and his reply would be, to take a musket, notwithstanding the near eighty years on his shoulders, and

go into the ranks of the defenders of a city that his ancestors had founded. Great applause ensued, in the midst of which Governor Letcher arose. He said he had a better reply in reserve for the enemy than that which "Uncle Joe" (the mayor) had suggested. They would probably make their first demand of him, as chief magistrate of Virginia, when they had their guns fronted on the capital and threatened to open their fire. Well, he had his reply ready—his audience was strained to hear it; it should be brief enough—"Bombard and be d—d!"

The energy with which these words were delivered was as indescribable as the shouts which hailed them and the popular admiration which perpetuated them. It was then the heroic period of the war on the Southern side, when self-sacrifice was abundant, and when the spirit was very different from that in which Richmond finally sunk and whimpered. John M. Daniel, the editor of the *Richmond Examiner*, was accustomed to say that Letcher's laconics on the occasion referred to was the most eloquent speech that the South had yet produced; and he forgave the governor, who was otherwise his especial aversion, much on account of this felicitous specimen of rhetoric. The Federals themselves seem to have remembered the famous defiance of the Virginia governor, to his damage; for, two years thereafter, his own private house at Lexington was laid in ashes, while the homes of his neighbors were spared.

"We cannot escape History."—PRESIDENT
LINCOLN.

This sentiment occurred in one of President Lincoln's annual messages to the Congress at Washington, and it obtained an extensive circulation for various reasons. The Southern newspapers repeated it frequently in derision, as applied to Mr. Lincoln personally, and his likely place in the Pantheon of posterity. However, it is to be admitted that, in its general meaning, it was a true and noble sentiment, well expressed; an apothegm not unworthy of a place in the pages of a sententious philosophy. As an expression both of responsibility and of resignation, implying in its terms one of the most appalling certainties of human life, it well became the chief actor in a great historical drama attracting the attention of the world, and moving under the direction of an overruling Providence.

"Effected a change of base."—GENERAL
MCCELLEAN.

When General McClellan was beaten before Richmond, and had retreated to Harrison's Landing, he disguised, or rouged, the disaster by telegraphing to Washington that he had "effected a change of base." This official style of expressing a retreat furnished much laughter to the South, and supplied innumerable witticisms and *bon-mots* to the newspapers. The polite euphuism for all fugacious displays came to be a "change of base." If a general retreated, if a rogue decamped, if any one in embarrassing circumstances "made himself scarce," McClellan's

words came into use—the fugitive had only "changed his base." The *Charleston Mercury* had the following squib:

"Hereafter, when a scoundrel's kicked out-of-doors,
He need never resent the disgrace,
But say, 'Dear sir, I'm eternally yours
For your kindness in changing my base.'"

"Whip 'em with corn-stalks."—GENERAL
WISE.

The above was used to represent the spirit, rather than the exact words, of General Henry A. Wise, in an "interview" with a Philadelphian, on the eve of the day that Virginia passed her ordinance of secession; the militia-general, under his nodding plumes, which he had mounted that day, and with a pair of flint-lock pistols in his hands, was assuring a knot of admirers, gathered at the conversation, of an easy conquest of "Yankees." The amount of the interview was, that the South needed no arms, but would make the "Yankees" run with any old scrap-iron that a country blacksmith might fashion into weapons; or they might twist off the corn-stalks in the fields, and with these drive off the paltry crew. Thus, whenever easy victories were prophesied in Southern newspapers, or there was a talk about "difficulty of arms, lack of war-material, etc., in the Confederacy, it became customary to say: "Oh, we will whip 'em with corn-stalks!" The same reply was ready to all that was told of great preparations in the North to carry on the war. It was the fashionable pool-pooh whenever a fearful or calculating spirit had to be rebuked. Afterward, the boastful quotation continued some time in use, as a self-derision among Southern men of their own folly—a ludicrous reflection upon what had been their expectations at the beginning of the war. Gradually, however, in both applications, the words fell into disuse, as the spirit of the war became more serious, and the disappointments of the South in it grew too unpleasant for even the playful derision of a self-inflicted joke.

"Let us cross over the river, and rest under
the shade of the trees."—STONEWALL JACKSON.

These words were worthily endeared to the South, as the last spoken by Stonewall Jackson on his death-bed in the farm-house near the field of Chancellorsville. They were among the utterances of the delirium in which he died; and their connection with some preceding speeches showed that the dying man imagined himself at the head of his army. He had just muttered something about his soldiers being fed (and this dying allusion to what was the great fault of the Southern armies—the commissariat—was wrought up in the newspapers into a curious coincidence); then he had exclaimed, sternly, "A. P. Hill, prepare for action!" A minute afterward, and with a strange light breaking upon his countenance, he said, very gently: "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees." And so his spirit passed away, as at the end of a weary march, and in the prospect of repose. Another beautiful coincidence was, that the words reflected something of that scenery peculiar to Jackson's

familiar and loved Valley of Virginia, where the streams, coursing through it so abundantly, are remarkable for the profusion of maple and other shade-trees on their banks, and where the weary and overmarched "foot-cavalry" of the great warrior had often actually found rest and refreshment. Even in their general signification, the words were beautiful and apt enough. The picture that floated in the dying man's mind was a fit type of a life well done, passing into the eternal rest; and the color that it had from the fresh, familiar experiences of the worn commander and his troops, often seeking the shade of the river-courses, where his most famous marches had lain, gave it a reality and tenderness that were deeply and especially affecting. The Southern heart long lingered on these beautiful words; they were woven into poetry; their significance was perfect; and but few of the dying speeches of great men have been more eloquent, touching, and worthy of commemoration.

"I will fight it out on this line."—GENERAL GRANT.

These famous words of General Grant are yet in popular use to express a spirit of determination, the resolution of direct and steady perseverance in any thing undertaken. They occur in a dispatch which he sent to Washington just after the doubtful battle with which he opened the campaign of 1864 across the Rapidan. The Southern newspapers had subsequently some hypercriticism on the expression, to the effect that Grant did not really make good these resolute words; that he did not fight it out on the line referred to; but that that line was repeatedly changed, as when he moved to Spottsylvania Court-House, again when he passed to McClellan's old fighting-ground; again when he crossed the James River, and showed himself before Petersburg; and yet again when he pursued Lee, and gathered the last lines of the war around Appomattox Court-House. But this criticism is scarcely fair, and is somewhat puerile. In a proper sense, it may be said that General Grant did maintain the integrity of the line that he first developed across the Rapidan, since it may be traced to the end of the campaign without a break, or the instance of a single recession; it never lost its continuity, and was thus the same line traced from the Wilderness to where it carried on its bayonets the last and decisive victory of the war. In a spirit of perseverance, his words were certainly made good, and they deserve the currency which they yet have as an expression of distinct and firm purpose.

"War is cruelty."—GENERAL SHERMAN.

For this pregnant and fearful sentence, General Sherman stands credited, the expression occurring in a letter which he wrote to a Southern acquaintance shortly after the fall of Atlanta, deploring the war, and the necessity which made him appear to many old friends in the South an instrument of vengeance. He could not help that; he was sensitive to the opinions of his Southern friends; but what appeared in him as un-

necessary severity, was the demand of his duty or vocation, for, disguise it as you may, and draw all sorts of artificial distinctions, after all, "war is cruelty." This was the sense of the letter. The words above have been severely quoted against General Sherman as a stark and ferocious sentiment, and they furnished a text for much Southern declamation. But it would be hard to impeach their truth. The brief sentence is, indeed, interesting as suggesting the curious question, how the public can support a clamor against the mere destruction of property in a war, and yet approve and applaud its worse cruelty in the destruction of life. Why should it be terrible and atrocious to burn dwelling-houses and to lay waste growing crops of grain, and yet quite legitimate to mow down human beings, and to knead the soil with the flesh and blood of slaughtered men? Can there be any greater cruelty than the taking of human life, and sending unprepared souls into eternity? Is not homicide the chief of crimes and of terrors? How idle and inconsistent, then, to accuse war of the lesser offences of ravage and waste, when its supreme cruelty goes acquitted and applauded? This question has never been answered; it is difficult to answer, and is not altogether casuistical.

It is remarkable that all the great masters of war have been thoroughly imbued with the spirit of General Sherman's maxim, to the effect that war, being cruelty, is to be best dispatched by making that cruelty as intense and brief as possible. Even Stonewall Jackson, who had at the bottom of his character a true military ferocity, was for accumulating all the terror and destruction he could as the true fashion of war; he even recommended "the black flag" (as Governor Letcher testifies); he was fond of saying that "war meant killing people;" and once, when one of his officers regretted that certain Yankees had been killed while displaying great bravery, and when they might as well have been captured, the gloomy commander replied, "Kill them all; I don't want them to be brave." Was this wrong? or was it of the true inspiration of war? Who will accuse Stonewall Jackson of "cruelty" beyond the needs of his profession? This is not the place for an essay on the fashions of war. But it may be suggested, in connection with the words of General Sherman, that much of the Southern outcry about "atrocities" in the war was an exaggeration and an affectation that deserves even now something of reproach for its foolish persistence. "War is cruelty," and it is not known that our past war was any more cruel than others that have lately afflicted the world, or that its real sum of sorrow and losses was at all peculiar, or in any way different from that of all wars.

"The Lost Cause."

This titular description of our late war, which has become so popular on the Southern side, originated with the present writer. Shortly after the war, he proposed to write a history of it. He offered the work he designed to a New-York publisher, who thought well of it, but objected to the plainness of the title, "History of the War," etc. The

work thus entitled might be confounded with some other interior memoirs of the war which the writer had already composed, mere annals—"First Year of the War," etc. "Could not some title be found more unique and captivating, and not quite so heavy?" The writer promised to think of such a title. The next day he presented himself to the publisher and said: "I have thought of a name for the work I design: it is 'The Lost Cause.' You see the bulk of the people of the South were persuaded that we really contended for something that had the dignity and importance of a cause—the cause of constitutional liberty (though God only knows what the sequel might have demonstrated). I think there is something of proper dignity in the word 'Cause;' then 'The Lost Cause' is as an advertisement of something valuable that is gone; besides, the associations of the title are tender and reverential—there is a strain of mourning in it. How do you like it?" "Excellent well," replied the publisher; "it is just the thing." The title proved an instant success, and has since become monumental. The words, "The Lost Cause," have been incorporated into the common popular language of the South; and the universality of their reception implies a significance that is itself interesting.

EDWARD A. POLLARD.

AN OPEN QUESTION.*

A NOVEL.

By JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE ICE," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A FLIGHT FOR LIFE.

INEZ had now but one thought, and that was escape. Her situation was one which, in spite of its difficulties, did not prevent hope altogether. She was a prisoner, it is true, but the departure of Saunders deprived her of what she now felt to be the most dangerous of all the spies around her. Gunned and the old woman remained, but neither of these seemed capable of keeping up any very effective or very vigilant system of spying. Kevin Magrath was not here, and he had probably been so confident in the security of this prison that he had sent Saunders away, or taken her away elsewhere.

All the thoughts of Inez for the next few days were directed toward her surroundings, in the endeavor to discover some way by which she might carry into execution her plan of escape. This endeavor, however, was not very successful. The house was uninhabited except by herself and her jailers. Her apartments were on one side; the windows of her rooms opened upon the gallery, and not upon any street. This gallery was also shut off from the rest of the house; and the door by which escape could be made from it was kept locked always. Twice a day the old woman unlocked it and made her appear-

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

ance: once with breakfast, and also to make the beds and clear up the rooms; and a second time with dinner. Sometimes Gounod would look in during the day. His calls were, however, irregular, and Inez never took any notice of him.

Now, the policy of Inez was very simple, and at once the best and the easiest for her under the circumstances. She appeared quite content. She was wrapped up in herself. She never spoke one word, good or bad, to the old woman or Gounod. She ate her meals, slept at night, and, during the day, sat patiently in her room. Neither Gounod nor the old woman ever saw any sign of impatience in her. To neither of them did she ever hint that she was discontented or unhappy. She never asked to go out, or to drive out. As far as they could judge by outward appearances, she was content. They had every reason to believe that she had acquiesced in the plan of Kevin Magrath, and was now placidly waiting for his return so as to accompany him to Rome. Gradually this conviction became strengthened in the minds of her jailers. The old woman, who at first used to look at her anxiously every time she came in, grew at length to accept her calm and peaceful face as a matter of course. Gounod became less vigilant, and his visits became more and more infrequent. Many little things, indeed, showed a relaxation of the strictness of their watch.

Meanwhile, though Inez thus succeeded in maintaining an outward calm so perfectly as to impose upon her watchful jailers, she herself was by no means free from agitation and tumultuous feelings. It was one long state of suspense, and all the harassing conditions of suspense were experienced by her to the uttermost. Yet, Inez came to this task not without preparation. She had already endured much; already had she learned to subdue her emotions, and exercise self-control. This new task was, therefore, the easier to her from the preparation which she had undergone. Under cover, then, of profound calm and placid content, she carried an incessant watchfulness, an eager, sleepless outlook, a vigilant attention to all that went on around her. Not a change took place in the action or demeanor of her jailers which she failed to notice; and these changes seemed to promise something.

Already she had placed all her hope in the door at the end of the gallery. Through that only could she hope to escape. Her gallery was too high above the court-yard for her to let herself down. There were no other ways by which she could leave this story on which she was, either to go up or down. Since, then, this door was the only pathway to liberty, it became the centre of all her thoughts and watchfulness.

It was with reference to this, then, that certain things were noticed by her.

The old woman came, as has been said, regularly twice a day. At first she was most painfully careful and guarded in all her actions. Upon passing through the gallery-door, she always spent about a quarter of an hour in locking it, putting the key in her pocket, and in trying the lock over and over, to see whether it was really locked or not.

Then she would come to the parlor, and look in with painful and eager inquiry.

But the cool and patient indifference of Inez affected the old woman in spite of herself. Gradually, she spent less and less time at the door. This Inez noticed as she sat in the parlor. This parlor was near the door, and through the window, which opened out into the gallery, she could see it very plainly. The old woman would bring in breakfast, and then, while Inez was eating, she would go to her bedroom, at the other end of the gallery, to attend to her duties there.

Now, the decreasing vigilance of the old woman became a matter of immense importance to Inez, especially with regard to the gallery-door. Upon this all her attention became exclusively centred. Every day made some trifling change which was in her favor. The old woman at length turned the key in the lock quite carelessly, and once even left it in the lock and walked into the parlor, leaving it there. Something, however, put her in mind of it, and she returned and took it out.

A few days passed, and the same thing occurred again. This was the thing for which Inez had been waiting. This was the thing for which she had been preparing. The old woman spread the breakfast, and never remembered about the key, and then, as usual, turned toward the bedroom. As she left the parlor, Inez started up, and, at the very moment when she disappeared through her bedroom-door, she stole with a swift yet stealthy step to the gallery-door. In an instant she unlocked it, snatched out the key, transferred it to the other side, and locked it there.

Thus the old woman herself was imprisoned.

But for Inez there was no time to lose. The old woman might discover what had happened at any moment; and, if Gounod was in the house, he would hear her cries. Inez, therefore, hurried along down a flight of steps that was before her swiftly, yet cautiously, and thus she reached the story below. Now there was a narrow corridor that ran for some distance, and at the end of this a flight of steps. Down this she also went in the same way. Reaching the bottom, she found herself on the ground-floor, inside a hall that ran across the building. At the bottom of this stairway there was a door that opened into the court-yard, and this lower hall ran back from this door to the front of the House, where there was another door.

Inez stopped at the foot of the stairs close by this back-door, and peeped cautiously forth at the front-door. In an instant she drew back. It was the *conciergerie*. There was a man there. It was Gounod. The front-door was open, but Gounod sat there, smoking, reading a morning paper, barring her way to liberty.

For a moment she stood still, overcome by despair, but in another moment it passed. Then, with the same swift resolution and presence of mind which had marked all her acts thus far, she stepped noiselessly out through the door into the court-yard. The stairway concealed her from Gounod, and she made no noise to betray her movement.

This back-door was double; there was an

inner and an outer one. The outer one was of massive construction; the inner one was lighter, and had windows in the sides.

One look around the court-yard showed that there was no avenue of escape there. The main portal was closed and locked. There was only one hope, and that was through the *conciergerie*. Perhaps Gounod would move. Perhaps he would go up-stairs, or out into the street, or into the court-yard; perhaps he might fall asleep; perhaps, if all else failed, she might make a mad rush for liberty.

One of these things might happen. It was necessary for her to hold herself in readiness. The space between the two doors seemed adapted for a hiding-place. Through the glass of the inner door she could watch the movements of Gounod; while the massive outer door, as it swung back, would shut her in and save her from detection. The moment that this thought suggested itself she acted upon it. Quietly pulling back the door, she slipped into the place, and then drew the door so as to shut herself in. The glass was dusty, but, by breathing upon it and rubbing it gently, she was able to watch the *conciergerie*, and see Gounod with sufficient distinction.

There she waited—watchful, motionless, scarce daring to breathe, looking with all her eyes, and listening with all her ears. She was straining her eyes to see if Gounod would move, or if any favorable change would take place in his position. But Gounod made no change for the better. He smoked on, and shifted and changed his position, and leaned at times back in his chair, and yawned, and read his paper, and smoked again, and so on, till Inez thought that hours must have passed, and wondered what sort of a paper this could be which could thus take so long a time to read.

She had been listening all this time—listening to hear whether the old woman had discovered her flight. This discovery might take place at any moment. A long time had passed, and it seemed far longer than it really was; and, as it passed, the attention of Inez only grew the more eager.

Suddenly it came.

She heard it.

The cry!

Her flight was discovered. The old woman had found it out.

There was a wild, shrill, piercing yell from the upper part of the house—a yell so clear and penetrating that Inez actually felt it thrill through all her frame, and Gounod sprang to his feet, while the paper fell from his hands and the pipe from his mouth. He stood listening.

There came another yell—a yell of wild lament, intermingled with words, which, however, were quite unintelligible. Gounod threw a quick look around him, and then darted from the *conciergerie*, and ran hastily toward the back-door. He advanced straight toward the hiding-place where Inez was standing, and then, reaching the foot of the stairs, stood listening once more. At that moment he was not more than twelve inches from Inez.

Horror paralyzed her. She could not even breathe. It was terrible, beyond expression,

to be so near to escape, and yet to have so near her the relentless jailer. But her suspense did not last long. Gounod waited, and then another yell, more impatient, more prolonged, and more eager, came down to his ears. Upon this he started, and, springing forward, rushed up the stairs, taking three steps at a time.

Now was the moment! Before Gounod had gained the top of that stairway, Inez had slipped out from her hiding-place; and, as he was running along the upper gallery, she was hurrying toward the *conciergerie*. Here a sudden impulse seized her to take some kind of a disguise, so as to prevent observation. In her present dress she would look strange in the streets, without jacket or bonnet. One quick look around the *conciergerie* was enough. There was an old water-proof cloak there and a hat, evidently the property of the old woman. Inez felt some reluctance about using these things, especially the hat, but there was no help for it. She could not stop to reason. She seized the cloak, flung it over her, thrust the hat on her head, and then sprang out through the open door into the street.

Away and away! She was afraid to run, but she walked as rapidly as possible. At length this street ran into another which was more crowded. Here she mingled with the throng of people and soon lost herself. But it was not easy for her to feel safe. So terrible was her sense of pursuit and her dread of capture that she walked on and on, turning into one street after another, rounding corners, walking up lanes, and losing herself inextricably. The streets, as she went, grew more and more populous, the houses grew handsomer, the public buildings more stately. At length she came to a river, over which there were thrown numerous magnificent bridges, and beyond there arose the lordly outline of splendid palaces and noble monuments. In these she beheld, at length revealed, all the glories of Paris; and, in spite of the terrors of pursuit and the agitation of her flight, she could not help accepting this as a fresh proof of the vigilance of her jailers and the treachery of Saunders, who had never driven her near this part of Paris, but had diligently kept her in streets where she could see nothing of the splendor of the great city.

But there was no time now either to recall past treachery or to admire the splendors of the surrounding scene. Escape was her only thought—security in some place of refuge, where she might collect her thoughts and consider her future. On, then, she went, and still on. She crossed a bridge that was nearest, and then once more plunged into a crowd of streets.

At length, her attention was arrested by a notice on the window of a house. It looked like a place suited to one of moderate means. It was a notice to lodgers. She entered here, and made inquiries. She was pleased with the look of the place, and also with the appearance, the tone, and the manner of the landlady. Here, then, she took lodgings.

Her first thoughts now were about regaining her friends. She had no money, and therefore could not travel. She could think of only one thing to do, and that was to write

to Bessie. Bessie would feel for her, and either send her money or fly to her relief. Bessie also might know about her father by this time, and would send him. So afraid, however, was Inez of letting her secret be known that she did not give Bessie the address of her lodgings, but simply told her to address the letter *poste restante* at Paris. In her letter she informed Bessie that she had come to Paris owing to false information which she had received, that she had been in great distress; and, after a brief outline of her sufferings, implored her to send her at once as much money as would be sufficient to take her to England.

Having written this, she waited impatiently for an answer. Afraid to go to the post-office herself, for fear of being discovered and recaptured by some agent of Magrath's, Inez appealed to the landlady, who sent her daughter there. There was no answer.

Several days passed.

Every day some one went there, either the landlady or the landlady's daughter, or some other member of the family. All were full of sympathy for the beautiful English girl who was so lonely and so sad. But the days passed, and still no answer came.

Then Inez wrote again. Her letter was more urgent and more full of entreaty than before. She drew a picture of her past sufferings and present desolation that would have moved the most callous heart, and implored Bessie not to delay in sending her assistance.

After this she again waited in a fever of impatience. Day after day passed, and week after week. No answer came. At length, so great was the anxiety of Inez that it surmounted even the haunting dread of pursuit and recapture; and, fearing that the landlady might have made a mistake of some sort, she ventured forth to the post-office herself. But she met with no better success.

There was no letter at all for any such person as Inez Mordaunt. There was no letter for any such person as Inez Wyverne—nor for Miss Mordaunt, nor for Miss Wyverne. Inez named herself in every possible way; but the end of it all was, that no answer at all had been sent to either of her letters.

Upon this she lost all hope, and the only conclusion that she could come to was, that Bessie herself had perhaps been foully dealt with by Kevin Magrath. This fear seemed so justifiable that it preyed more and more upon her mind, and finally became a conviction. The picture which her imagination formed of the childish and light-hearted Bessie, drawn helplessly into the power of the unscrupulous Magrath, was too terrible to be endured. The sufferings through which she had passed since her flight reached a climax. This last disappointment broke down all her fortitude. Strength and hope alike gave way, and a severe attack of illness followed, in which she once more went down to the extreme verge of life. But the kind care of the landlady watched over her, and those good people showed warm and loving hearts. Their care saved her, and Inez was once more brought back to life.

As she found herself convalescent, she became every day more and more aware of the

necessity that there was to get money in some way. Her debt to the landlady was heavy already; and, more than this, she was eager to return to England.

How could she do this?

There was only one way possible.

That gold cross which she had found at Villeneuve she had ever since worn around her neck, and had it still. There was no other way to save herself than by the sacrifice of this. It was a bitter thing, but it had to be done. It was necessary to pawn it, and thus get that money which alone could save her now.

She had, therefore, nerved herself up to this. She had set forth in search of a pawnbroker or something equivalent, and was on this errand at the time she met Kane Hellmuth. Full of terror, fearing pursuit and recapture, every one seemed a possible enemy; and the earnest stare of Kane Hellmuth was sufficient to rouse all her fears. He seemed some agent of her enemy, and, when she knew that she was being pursued by him, she lost all hope. As a last resource, she sought to take a cab, but at that instant her strength gave way.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A FRESH INVESTIGATION.

THE story of Inez had been communicated to Kane Hellmuth in the course of several interviews. The confidence which thus began between them, soon became of the most familiar kind. From the first, the sore necessities of Inez made her cling to this strange Englishman upon whom she had been thrown, and who had been so ready in the offer of his assistance; but, after she learned who he was, her trust in him became boundless. The confidence which she put in him was met with the fullest return on his part; and Inez, who had trusted in him, when she discovered that he was the friend of Dr. Blake, at length learned, to her amazement, that he was the husband of her elder sister Clara. This discovery she hailed with the utmost joy. This one fact gave her a friend and protector. More, it gave her a relative. Kane Hellmuth was thus her brother, since he was her sister's husband. Could any thing be more consoling than this? To this man, then, the friend of her lover, and the husband of her sister, she gave all her trust and confidence.

As brother of Inez, Kane Hellmuth took her at once under his protection. He redeemed her from her difficulties, and let her have sufficient money to extricate herself from her embarrassments without the sacrifice of the precious relic of her father. As her brother, he visited her at the house, and was received with smiles of welcome by the kind-hearted landlady and her daughter, who were filled with joy at this sudden improvement in the fortunes of the sweet young English lady that had become so dear to them.

In the course of their conversations Kane Hellmuth had mentioned to her what he knew of Dr. Blake, but did not show her his letter. It was so incoherent that he was afraid that it might increase her anxieties if,

as he strongly suspected, she cared much for him. His own anxieties about Blake he kept to himself; and, indeed, these were now completely eclipsed by his anxieties about Inez.

The story of Inez had excited within him an extraordinary tumult of contending emotion. The new position in which it placed Kevin Magrath, was the most astonishing thing to him. He had a very vivid remembrance of that man, of his rollicking Irish extravagance, and his bitter denunciation of the "destroyer of Clara Mordaunt." He had been accustomed to think of him as a sort of accusing witness against himself; but now this accusing witness was transformed into a remorseless villain, who had been the framer of an infamous plot against a defenceless girl. A new motive for action was roused within him: to meet this man again, to extort from him some satisfaction for his misdeeds, or bring him to punishment.

Apart from the villainy of Magrath, there stood forward, prominently, the contradiction between what he said to himself and what he communicated to Inez. To himself he had said that Inez was Inez Wyverne; that her father, Hennigar Wyverne, had left her penniless, and that she would be dependent. To Inez he had plainly declared, by his letters, that she was the daughter of Bernal Mordaunt.

To himself he had said that Hennigar Wyverne owed Bernal Mordaunt money; to Inez he had told a story of the most absurd and extravagant kind.

In short, all that Magrath had said to him was utterly opposed in every respect to what he had said to Inez.

As he had thus lied about Inez, might he not also have lied about Clara?

This thought started up in Kane Hellmuth's mind, and at once roused his eager desire to make new inquiries about the death of his lost wife. The theory that Dr. Blake had suggested had once before deeply impressed him; the statements of Magrath seemed to have destroyed that theory; but now, since Magrath had been proved to be a villain and a liar, his old feelings rose up, and, for his own sake, as well as for the sake of Inez, he resolved to enter upon a fresh search into the whole of this dark mystery.

It was a mystery before which he was completely baffled. It seemed to be a fact, after all, that Hennigar Wyverne's dying declaration was true. Inez was clearly the daughter of Bernal Mordaunt. Would it be equally true that Dr. Blake was the son of Hennigar Wyverne? He remembered how strongly Blake himself had at one time been inclined to this belief, and for whose sake he had refrained from entering upon a search. It was the statement of Magrath which had driven this belief out of Blake's mind, but now this statement had turned out to be a lie. More than this, Magrath himself had been shown to have a deep interest in this lie; he had come forward as an active persecutor, and, in intention, a destroyer of Inez. Would he have the same motive to act against Blake? Could Blake's extraordinary disappearance, and still more extraordinary silence, be due to the same subtle agency? Could the man who had beguiled Inez to Paris and

entrapped her, have beguiled Blake also to some place where he might work his will upon him? Blake, in his letter, spoke of going "south" with a friend. Could this friend be Magrath? Could that "south" be Rome?

Such were the thoughts that filled Kane Hellmuth's mind. The whole situation became a dark and inscrutable problem. It was impossible to solve it while resting inactive at Paris. It was necessary for him to act, and to act immediately, both for the sake of Inez and also for the sake of Blake.

Another also appeared to Inez to be involved in this mystery, and that was Bessie. About Bessie, Kane Hellmuth was greatly troubled. Inez had informed him of Bessie's own account of herself, and her belief that she was the daughter of Bernal Mordaunt. The name Mordaunt had struck him very forcibly once before, and now it afforded equal matter for conjecture. He was puzzled, but he could not help thinking that, as Inez knew her best, her conjectures about her were more just than his. The fact that she, too, was involved in this wide-spreading difficulty, only afforded a fresh reason for instant action on his part.

This decision he announced to Inez, who at once begged that he would take her to England.

To this, however, Kane Hellmuth objected.

"My dear Inez," said he, addressing her in that familiar manner which was justified by his near relationship, "you are really safer here than anywhere else. There are many reasons why you had better not go. Your enemies will think that you are in England even now, and will search after you there. In travelling there with me you would be certain to be discovered, and I also would be known as your friend and companion. They would know that I had found out all—our relationship, also—and would be in a position to baffle me in my search. You, too, would be watched; and, as I should have to leave you, I could never feel comfortable about you."

"But isn't this place far more dangerous?"

"No," said Kane Hellmuth; "on the contrary, it's the safest place in the world. They will never look for you in Paris. Then, again, even if they were to find you, they could do nothing. Paris is the best-governed city in the world. The police here are omniscient; no one could be illegally carried off. You are absolutely safe. The moment you left that house, you were safe. If the old woman and Gounod had both chased and captured you, they would not have dared to take you back, unless you yourself wished. Any remonstrance of yours would have drawn the attention of the police. Gounod and the old woman would have been arrested and examined; and that, I imagine, is about the last thing that they would wish to happen to them. Men of Gounod's order are particularly anxious not to get into the hands of the police. The fact is, there is no place in the world where you are so absolutely safe as you are here. In London you would be in danger. In any small town anywhere you might be in danger. Here, however, no danger can befall you. I assure

you solemnly, my dear Inez, it is absolutely impossible for you to get into the hands of that miscreant again, unless you yourself voluntarily go there."

At this Inez smiled. Kane Hellmuth's tone completely reassured her. The idea of putting herself voluntarily into the hands of Kevin Magrath was, however, excessively amusing to her.

"You may laugh," said Kane Hellmuth, "but that is a real danger. Be on your guard. Don't let him entrap you again."

"I shouldn't go with him," said Inez, "not even if he should declare that my papa was dying, as he did before."

"Oh, well, he wouldn't use that trap again; he would have something else the next time."

"There is nothing else," said Inez; "there is no other living being through whom he could work upon me."

Kane Hellmuth looked at her earnestly.

"I am very much mistaken, my poor Inez," said he, "if there is not. There is, I think, one other human being. Be on your guard, dear; don't allow yourself to be deceived. You know whom I mean. Now, if it should happen that you should hear of him in any way that is not perfectly free from suspicion, be on your guard."

Inez looked down on the floor with a heightened color, and in some surprise. She did not know about Kane Hellmuth's fears for Blake, or his suspicions about Magrath's possible intentions toward him also.

"I'm sure I don't see how that could be," said she.

"Well, no matter," said Kane Hellmuth. "Only promise me that you will not go anywhere without ample protection and security."

"Oh, of course," said Inez; "I'm sure I've learned too hard a lesson to forget it easily."

"I hope you may not," said Kane Hellmuth.

In view of this proposed journey, Inez would have been glad, indeed, if she could have given him any information which might assist him in the search. But this she was unable to do. She knew of no one who was acquainted with the past of herself, except, perhaps, old Mrs. Klein. That person had certainly given her some valuable information, but she did it incidentally, and in a haphazard fashion. An old creature, so sodden with drink as she was, could not be expected to give any coherent answers to a regular series of questions. Of this she informed Kane Hellmuth, who took down her name and address, and thought that it might be worth while to pay the old woman a visit.

When he bade her good-by that evening, it was with a certain solemn foreboding of indefinable evil that was possible—some evil that might happen to her or to himself, before they might meet again.

"Good-by, Inez, dear sister! Remember what you promised."

"Good-by, Kane!" said Inez, in a voice full of emotion.

She felt as though she was losing her only friend. A tear stood in her eye. Kane Hellmuth held her hand in his, and looked at her

with a softened expression on his stern face.

Then he stooped, and kissed her.

Then he turned, and left the house.

On the following morning he left for London, and arrived there in due time. He had not been there for years, and had no acquaintances in particular. The solicitors of his father were the ones from whom he hoped to find out something, though what that something might be he hardly knew. He did not know what course of action might be required on his own part. He did not know whether it would be best to carry on the work which he had before him in secret, or to break through that law of silence which he had imposed on himself since his wife's death. He held himself in readiness to adopt whatever course might be best for the fulfilment of the work in which he was engaged.

His first act was to go to the house in which Mr. Wyverne had lived. Upon reaching it, he found it closed. It was evident, therefore, that Bessie Mordaunt must be sought for elsewhere.

He then thought of Mrs. Klein, and at once drove off to visit her. The address which Inez had given him enabled him to find her without difficulty, as she was still living in the same place.

Although Inez had given him a very good idea of her interview with Mrs. Klein, still the sight of the old woman was somewhat disheartening to one who came, like Kane Hellmuth, in the character of an investigator after truth, and an eager questioner. It was not the bottle at her elbow, nor her bleary eyes, nor her confused manner, that troubled him. For this he was prepared. It was rather the attitude which Mrs. Klein chose to take up toward him. She threw at him one look of sharp, cunning suspicion, as he announced to her that he had come to ask her a few questions, and then obstinately refused to answer a single word.

The fact is, Kane Hellmuth was a bad diplomatist, and soon perceived that he had made a mistake. This he hastened to rectify in a way which seemed to him best adapted to mollify one of Mrs. Klein's appearance, which was the somewhat coarse but at the same time very efficacious offer of a sovereign.

The effect was magical.

Her fat, flabby fingers closed lovingly around it; and she surveyed Kane Hellmuth with a mild, maternal look, which beamed benevolently upon him from her watery eyes.

"Deary me!" she said; "and you such a 'andsome young gentleman, as is comin' to visit a poor old creature as is deserted by all kith and kin, which it's truly lavish and bountiful you are as ever was, and him as gives to the poor lends to the Lord, and may it be restored to you a 'undredfold, with my 'umble dooty, and prayer that your days may be long in the land, for evermore, and me a 'oman as has seen better days, which I'm now brought down to this; and many thanks, my kind, kind gentleman, for all your kindness shown."

"See here, now, Mrs. Klein," said Kane Hellmuth, sharply—"gather up your wits, if you can. I want you to answer one or two

questions. You know all about Hennigar Wyverne's family."

Mrs. Klein gave a sigh:

"Which 'im as is dead and gone, and was the kindest and mildest-mannered gentleman as ever I sot heyces on, and allus treated me that generous that I could have blacked his boots for very love, and his—"

"All right. Now, see here. There was Inez Mordaunt, that lived in his house—"

"Miss Hiny—my own sweet child alive—and me that loved her like—"

"Oh, of course. You see I know all about her. But I want to ask you about another. Who is this other girl that lived at Mr. Wyverne's, and called herself Bessie Mordaunt?"

"Which there never was no girl called Bessie, and she didn't live there. She was sent off to France, and her a young thing as had just lost her mother. For my part, I allus says to Mr. Wyverne—says I, 'Sir,' says I, 'Miss Clara's too young to—'"

"Clara!" exclaimed Hellmuth, with a strange intonation. "What became of her? Tell me—tell me—tell me!"

Mrs. Klein gave a doleful sigh, and shook her head solemnly.

"Which she's dead and gone, and is a blessed angel these many years, kind sir; and beggin' yer humble pardon, but it's better for her as is far away from a world of sin and woe, and all the chances and chanjues of this mortal spere. And I allus said as—"

"Yes, yes," said Hellmuth, with some impatience, hastily changing the conversation. "But this one I mean called herself Bessie."

Mrs. Klein shook her head.

"She was named Clara—I don't know any Bessie—and I take my Bible oath—and never fear—"

"She may have come to the house after you left."

"And very likely, and me 'as allus, kind sir, kep' that house that orderly as was beautiful to be'old; but what goin's on there was there after I left, Lord only knows, an' Mr. Wyverne that mild that anybody could impose on 'im same as if he was a new-born babe—"

"Do you know a man named Kevin Magrath?" said Kane Hellmuth, rigidly holding her to the points about which he wished to question her, and checking her headlong garrulity.

Mrs. Klein looked at him with a bleary gaze, and again wagged her fat old head.

"Won't you take somethin' warm, kind sir?" she asked.

"No," said Kane Hellmuth. "But about Kevin Magrath—can you tell me any thing?"

Mrs. Klein poured out a glass of liquor, and slowly swallowed it. Then she smacked her lips. Then she drew a long breath.

"'Im," said she, "as was the serpent that stole into that Heden, and me allus tellin' Mr. Wyverne. Says I, 'Sir, beware; 'e'll put your neck inside the gallus'-noose.' And where he came and where he went I do not know, nor can tell, savin' an' except as he was a willain—a out-an'-outer—and me as knows no more about him than that."

Mrs. Klein evidently could say nothing

about Magrath more definite than this. Kane Hellmuth questioned her again and again, but the answer was always of the same kind. His visit here seemed, therefore, a failure, and he felt inclined to retire and leave Mrs. Klein alone with the beloved society of her bottle. But he had one question yet to ask, and upon her answer to this very much depended.

"See here," said he. "Can you tell me any thing more about Bernal Mordaunt? Where did he come from? Who was he?"

Mrs. Klein seemed to rouse herself at this last question. She looked at him with less stupidity in her sodden, boozy face.

"Which as hevery one knows," said she, "and I wonders much as 'ow hever a fine gentleman like you turns up and 'as never 'eard of Bernal Mordaunt. They kept it close from Clara, and made out as 'ow it was 'er huncle's 'ome, or second cousin, and hit 'er father's hown place, and one of the grandest and gorgeousest in the kingdom; for, as I allus says, 'tisn't hevery girl as has a in'eritance like Mordaunt Manor."

"Mordaunt Manor!" cried Kane Hellmuth.

He shrunk away from the old woman, and sat looking at her with a pale face and glowing eyes.

"Mordaunt Manor, as hever was," said Mrs. Klein, "which I knowed it all along, and pore Mr. Wyverne, as is dead and gone, knowed as I knowed it, though them children were that lied to that they didn't know their own father's 'ouse."

"Mordaunt Manor!" exclaimed Kane Hellmuth again, upon whom this information had produced a most extraordinary effect. "In what county?"

"Mordaunt Manor as is in Cumberland County—which there never was but one Mordaunt Manor, as anybody hever 'eard hon."

Kane Hellmuth started to his feet. He had heard enough. His mind was made up to some sudden course, revealed by this new information. He left abruptly, and hurried back to his hotel.

That evening he was hurrying on by express out of London toward the north.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEBULAR THEORY.

ASTRONOMY has shared very liberally in the benefits of recent scientific investigations. And one noticeable feature in many of the modern astronomical discoveries is, that they consist of well-established facts, and not of speculations or hypotheses. In general, they add something to our stock of actual knowledge. In illustration of these statements, spectroscopic discoveries may be mentioned. They give us usually, not theories, respecting the physical and chemical character of the heavenly bodies, but positive demonstrations upon these points.

But, besides the knowledge of facts entirely new which has thus been gained recently, much light has also been thrown upon previously-advanced theories. Some of these have been shown to be utterly untenable, while strong evidence has been found in favor of others. We wish, in this article, to

sketch the bearing of recent discoveries upon the probabilities of the truth of the nebular theory. This theory was advanced by Kant and Laplace, although it usually bears the name of the latter. Its essential features are, that the material of which the heavenly bodies are composed existed originally as one illimitable mass of nebular or gaseous matter; that condensation ensued, the formation of fiery, liquid globes resulting thereby; that rotary motion of these bodies followed; that, from each central liquid mass, or sun, planetary masses were thrown off and hurled into their orbits; that, from these planets, satellites were thrown off in like manner; that the cooling of the planets—of our earth, at least—has progressed to such an extent as to permit the existence of animal and vegetable life; and that the central suns, on account of their superior size, are yet in an intensely-heated condition, so as to afford heat and light to their respective systems.

Surely, no grander theory was ever advanced. The boundless space in which the assumed forces operated, the inconceivable magnitude of these forces, and the countless ages required by the hypothesis for their completion, all are of such gigantic proportions that none but a great intellect could have conceived such an hypothesis, and none but a daring spirit would have ventured to proclaim it. Numerous and plausible arguments, however, were urged in its support. The various motions of the planets and of their satellites, as related to the sun, were, with perhaps rare exceptions, such as mechanical principles required under the hypothesis.

The evidences of a former heated condition of our earth were so numerous as hardly to admit a reasonable doubt. The evident high temperature of the sun showed that the intense heat required by the hypothesis to reduce globes to a molten mass might still exist. It was supposed, too, that immense masses of glowing gases, or nebulae, still were to be seen in space. These, and many other facts and suppositions, lent no small degree of plausibility to the theory. And now let us notice, briefly, the bearing of some of the more recently established scientific facts upon it:

1. It has already been stated that one argument in its favor was the assumed existence at present of nebulae in space. The great importance of this point will readily be seen; for, if it could be shown that some of the same physical material from which the heavenly bodies were assumed to have been formed, still remained, a very strong point in favor of the foundation of the theory would be gained. M. Laplace would then have a sample of his primeval matter to exhibit. But, less than a decade of years ago, the existence of nebulae at present rested upon nothing more than a mere hypothesis. Numerous agglomerations of matter, which had been supposed to be nebulae, were resolved into clusters of stars when powerful telescopes were used; and, although some of these masses did defy successfully the power of any telescope then in use thus to resolve them, yet the question was an open one whether all nebulae were not clusters of

stars, and that sufficient telescopic power only was needed to prove it. But, when the aid of that most scrutinizing of modern scientific instruments, the spectroscope, was secured, the problem was definitely solved by proving the actual existence of nebulae. It is well known that we have three kinds or classes of spectra; viz., continuous; of bright lines; and continuous with dark lines; and that, in general, the first class is formed by the dispersion of light proceeding from incandescent solids or liquids; the second, by that proceeding from luminous gases; the third, by light emanating from incandescent solids or fluids, and then passing through gases having a chemical composition similar to that of the light-producing body, but of less luminosity. Since some of the nebulae have been found to give spectra of bright lines, the fact is established that there are now, in space, immense masses of luminous gaseous matter. We have, then, as our first point, the demonstration, instead of the assumption, of nebulae.

It may also be mentioned here—though not entitled to rank as an exclusively modern discovery—that the peculiar forms, which many of the nebulae exhibit, go far toward showing that they have a rotary motion. Some of them have a central nucleus of apparently greater density than the surrounding parts, and from this centre spiral-formed streamers radiate symmetrically, in one of which a condensation seems to have formed, and to be upon the point of being thrown off—an embryo world. Other nebulae have advanced far enough in the process of cosmical development to assume the form of rings. And, since these are now known to be true nebulae, there seems to be little reason for doubting that the evolution of worlds is a process now taking place, the newly-formed worlds presenting different stages of development, such as would be demanded by the theory of Laplace.

2. It is now fully believed that some members of our planetary system have surfaces of quite a high temperature. All are familiar with the changes which have taken place in Jupiter within the past two or three years, and which are ascribed to changes in the temperature of the planet. And spectroscopic observations upon Uranus leave little room for doubt that it is self-luminous; that, according to Laplace's ideas, it has not yet cooled off sufficiently to become non-luminous. Taking these indications respecting our neighboring planets in connection with the evidence of the former heated condition of the earth, and an important link is added to the chain of evidence of a common igneous origin for our entire planetary system. And this relationship in physical condition exists between the sun and the fixed stars, all, doubtless, having a temperature incomparably higher than any with which we are acquainted.

3. Probably the strongest confirmation afforded by modern science in favor of this theory is, the proof which the spectroscope furnishes of similarity in chemical composition of the heavenly bodies. It is generally known that the presence in the sun of a considerable number of the chemical ele-

ments found upon the earth has been clearly proved. In the intensely-heated solar atmosphere, the vapor of water is probably found; flames of hydrogen, eighty thousand miles high, envelop its molten surface; iron, so difficult for us to convert into liquid, is there converted, in vast quantities, into gas. And, when the scientist turns his spectroscope from the sun to the fixed stars, or to the nebulae, he recognizes in these distant bodies some of the same elements which he obtains so easily in his laboratory. How does this fact favor Laplace's theory? The answer is, that if the material of which the now isolated heavenly bodies are composed, was once diffused through space as one vast nebula, then it would be but natural to infer that this nebula would present a good degree of uniformity in its chemical composition; for gases are well known to be very diffusible. We could not expect, for instance, to find the chemical constitution of this assumed nebula different in the neighborhood of the earth from that in the vicinity of the sun, or of any of the stars, but there ought to be chemical similarity throughout its entire extent. And we now know that this similarity does exist to a surprising extent.

Had the originators of this splendid theory lived to the present day, they would have been gratified by the strong tendency of recent investigations to confirm its truth. And it is interesting to note that these confirmations are not the results of investigations instituted for the purpose of thus confirming the theory. The investigations were conducted without any reference to it; and most of the confirmations are simply corollaries of demonstrated propositions relating to other subjects.

RUSH EMERY.

NAME-LEGENDS.

AN article in a recent number of the JOURNAL, in which the value of names as memorials of past events is illustrated by an account of the origin of some American geographical names, suggests the obverse phase of this species of historical etymology. Valuable as this kind of evidence is, when critically sifted, and especially serviceable as it has been rendered by philology in elucidating obscure points of ancient history, it is too often calculated to mislead, and from no other single source has history been flooded with so much fiction. It is no new discovery that names are not arbitrary symbols, that there is something in them besides empty sound; and the host of what Mr. Grote has called etymological myths, which are to be found among the legends of all nations, shows how universal a curiosity has been aroused to know what this something is. So thoroughly, indeed, have even the rudest people been imbued with this spirit of etymological inquiry that it is hardly an exaggeration to say that nine-tenths of what has passed as traditional history hinge on the mistaken import or derivation of proper names.

We cannot begin a series of illustrations of these popular etymologies better than with

a few examples from mediæval history. The puerile fictions which formed the bulk of history in the middle ages have called forth expressions of impatience from more than one modern historian; and yet, to the philosophical student of history, there is no field which is more instructive than the middle ages. Since they are preceded by a written history, we are able, by contrasting the popular legends with the actual facts of history as learned from authentic sources, to see what wretched work the popular fancy can make with the past; and we have thus a direct means of judging of the value of traditional history in general.

In the middle ages there was a passion for tracing history back to the siege of Troy, of which a somewhat confused notion seems to have survived the general wreck of historical knowledge. Names would, of course, be an excellent proof of the Trojan ancestry of the Western nations of Europe. The English were not particularly well favored with the coveted evidence; still *Britain* was confidently pointed to as derived from *Brutus*, who was known to be the son, or, according to some authorities, the grandson of *Æneas*. But in France the proof of a Trojan descent was overwhelming. To say nothing of *Paris*, the name of the capital, which admitted of but one explanation, there were *Troyes*, of course settled by Trojans, and *Tours*, where was buried the chieftain *Turonus*; and, lastly, *Francus*, who gave his name to the French, was, as everybody knew, the son of *Hector*. France had still another claim to a consequential place in ancient history. There could be no doubt that some of the Greek and Roman gods were, in reality, deified kings of France. Thus, *Jupiter*, who was fabled to be the king of heaven (*ciel*), was really an ancient king of the *Celts*; and *Neptune*, who was said to reign over the water (*agua*), was only a former king of Aquitaine.

Puerile these fictions, no doubt, are; but it is important to observe that they are not irrational. They are simply uncritical. They were apparently supported by evidence, and evidence, too, which the modern historian, who uses it more cautiously, regards as the very best. Upon the same kind of evidence rested the story, long popular in the middle ages, of *Richard Cœur de Lion's* single-handed encounter with a lion. The epithet "*Lion-heart*," given by a very common use of metaphor to this valiant knight, was too suggestive, in an age when the popular fancy was fired by such marvellous tales as those of "*St. George and the Dragon*," and "*St. Anthony and the Devil*," not to give birth inevitably to the story of a particular adventure of which the name, like the lion-skin worn by *Hercules*, was at once the trophy and the evidence.

Among the many mediæval legends in which our Saviour figures, there was none more popular than that of "*St. Christopher*," cited by *Max Müller*, in his lecture on "*Modern Mythology*," as belonging to this class of name-legends. *St. Christopher* was a Canaanite of gigantic stature, and of such a whimsical turn of mind that he refused to serve any one who himself acknowledged a master. Upon learning that his master feared the

devil, he at once left his service and entered that of the devil. But one day he observed his new master cringe before the cross, whereat he judged that there was one more powerful than he, and so was led to transfer his allegiance to Christ. He was prepared for his new service by hermits; but, as he could neither pray nor do penance, he was directed to serve the Lord by carrying pilgrims across a deep river. This service he performed faithfully, until one day he heard himself called three times from the opposite bank. Upon reaching the shore, he found there a little child, whom he at once took upon his shoulders and commenced bearing across the river; but heavier and heavier became his burden, until, before he reached the bank, it was with the utmost difficulty he could bear up under it. The mystery was, however, explained when, upon being safely landed at last, the child informed him that it was Christ himself whom he had borne, and in proof changed his staff, with a touch of the hand, into a leafy branch.

The moral aspect of this story is plainly visible; but the origin of at least the main feature of it, to which the remaining details are mere accessories, is equally plain. It is obviously—as has, indeed, long been acknowledged—an attempt to account for the name *Christopher*, which means *Christ-bearer*, and was said, in the legend, to have been borne by the saint ever after this incident. Whether a *St. Christopher* ever really lived or not, may be a question; but the name *Christopher* would apply equally well to one who bore Christ in his heart as to one who should bear him literally upon his back.

Instances like these, in which the real or fancied significance of a name has developed into a legend in explanation of it, or has embellished a meagre story with some important circumstance, might be indefinitely multiplied from mediæval mythology alone; but the universality of this source of error will be better illustrated by a more miscellaneous selection.

It is hardly necessary to give examples from the Greek and Roman mythology and legendary history. The student of the classics again and again has his attention called to them in the foot-notes to *Virgil* and *Horace*, and other familiarly-known classic authors. The story of *Dido's* purchase of the site of *Carthage* for a bull's-hide, which is alluded to by *Virgil*, and which has been most ingeniously—not to add ludicrously—appropriated by *Irving* in the account of the purchase of the site of *New Amsterdam*, is a notable example. *Borsak*, the name of the citadel of *Carthage*—a Phœnician word, meaning "stronghold," or "fortification"—was corrupted by the Greeks into *Byrsa*, and in this shape suggested the story; for *byrsa* is a good Greek word, meaning "hide." The story that the female warriors called *Amazons* destroyed the right breast, in order to facilitate the drawing of the bow, was likewise an attempt to explain the supposed meaning of a name. *Amazon* was, according to *Donaldson*, a Scythian word; but to a Greek it looked very much as if it were derived from an *a* privative, and *mazos*, "breast," so that it would mean "breastless;" and this, being an unnatural condi-

tion, suggested an explanation of it in accordance with the fierce character of these mythical warrior-women.

Mr. Grote found this sort of myths so common in Greek history as to give them a distinctive name, as before remarked; and *Kenrick*, in an article in the *Philological Museum*, on "*The Early Kings of Attica*," says, in summing up the results of his inquiries: "The conclusion at which I have arrived is, that the whole series of Attic kings who are said to have preceded *Theseus* are fictions, owing their existence to misunderstood names and false etymologies, to attempts to explain ancient customs and religious rites, and to exalt the antiquity of a nation or a family by giving it a founder in a remote age." This judgment applies equally well to the remainder of the legendary history of Greece, and to that of Rome also. There is scarcely a geographical or a tribal name of any importance which has not given birth to its legend, and thus been pressed into the support of that vast fabric of mythology it had itself assisted to erect. To select a few examples at random, the *Hellespont* was named from *Helle*, who fell into it as she fled, with *Phrixus*, upon the golden-fleeced ram; the *Ægean Sea* was so called from the aged Attic king *Ægeus*, who threw himself into it in a fit of despair, when he saw the vessel of his son *Theseus* return from *Crete* with black sails—a token of disaster—which *Theseus* had forgotten to change to white; the *Icarian Sea* was named from *Icarus*, the son of *Dædalus*, who fell into it when his waxen wings had been melted from his flying too near the sun; the division of the Greeks—or *Hellenes*, as they called themselves—into *Dorians* (mountaineers), *Æolians* (mixed men), *Ionians* (coast-men), and *Achæans* (seamen), gave rise to the story of *Hellen* and his sons and grandsons—*Dorus*, *Æolus*, *Ion*, and *Achæus*—as eponyms, or name-givers; *Latium*, in Italy, was the place where *Saturn* lay concealed (*latuit*) after he had been driven from heaven by his son *Jupiter*; *Alba Longa* suggested the omen of "the white sow with its thirty young;" and, lastly, the names *Romulus* and *Remus* seem to have been manufactured out of the name of the city they were fabled to have founded. *Roma*, in Latin, has no signification; but in Greek—its cognate language—*ῥῆμα* means "strength." If these two words are the same, which is more than probable, then the name *Roma* would seem to have been given to this ancient settlement in the sense of "stronghold," or, to take the exact English equivalent, "fort"—a much more probable origin of the name of an ancient city than its derivation from the name of its founder.

It is curious to meet with this same taste for etymology among the natives of Africa. *Dr. Livingstone* relates the following legend, obviously belonging to this class of etymological myths: "Immediately beyond *Dilolo* there is a large flat, about twenty miles in breadth. Here *Shakatwala* insisted on our remaining to get supplies of food from *Katema's* subjects before entering the uninhabited, watery plains. When asked the meaning of the name *Dilolo*, *Shakatwala* gave the following account of the formation of the

lake: A female chief called Moéna (lord) Monénga came one evening to the village of Mosogo, a man who lived in the vicinity, but who had gone to hunt with his dogs. She asked for a supply of food, and Mosogo's wife gave her a sufficient quantity. Proceeding to another village, standing on the spot now occupied by the water, she preferred the same demand, and was not only refused, but, when she uttered a threat for their niggardliness, was taunted with the question, what could she do, though she were thus treated. In order to show what she could do, she began to sing a song in slow time, and uttered her own name, Monénga—wōō. As she prolonged the last note, the village, people, fowls, and dogs, sank into the space now called Dilolo. When Kasimakáte, the headman of this village, came home, and found out the catastrophe, he cast himself into the lake, and is supposed to be in it still. The name is derived from *ilolo*, 'despair,' because this man gave up all hope when his family was destroyed." Dr. Livingstone adds: "This may be a faint tradition of the Deluge, and it is remarkable as the only one I have met with in this country," but it seems hardly necessary or advisable to give the story so respectable an antiquity. Although the name, in cases like this, cannot be considered the whole foundation of the legend, it is clearly an important element, and has served to localize and give shape to a vague story which other circumstances may have first suggested.

When we turn from the Old World to the New, we find ample proof of the same inquisitiveness respecting the meaning of names, forming one illustration of the common source of mythology the world over. Our space will not permit us to give examples from the aboriginal mythology, many of which have been pointed out by Dr. Brinton in his excellent little work on the myths of the New World, but we can find something of the same tendency to rush into fiction in our own land, a tendency which only needs to have a little more freedom accorded to it than is possible in these days of documentary history to be as fruitful of results as in the ancient and mediæval periods of Europe. Most of our names of towns and places are modern, and belong to the category of recognized names which, recurring in different localities, have obtained the character of mere names, like those we give our children, and cease to awaken comment. No one thinks of asking why a town is called Washington, or Jackson, or Windsor, or Marion, any more than why a child is called Charles or John. But there is a large number of names dating from the early settlement of the country which, having a sort of isolated existence, seem to point to a tale, and now and then become the subject of speculation. Such are Canada, California, Yankee, each of which has been ingeniously explained in a variety of ways, and, although they have not actually led to mythology, might easily, in a less sober age, be made to support their legends. An example of what *might* be done, rather than of what has been done, is furnished by the serio-comic explanation of the good old Indian name Nantucket. The story is that the

original proprietor of the group of islands lying to the south of Massachusetts divided his possessions between his three daughters, Martha, Elizabeth, and Nancy. Martha, the favored child, received the vineyard; Elizabeth chose the Elizabeth Islands; and, as there was but one portion left, *Nan took it*, of course. The inference would seem to be that the selection of this low, miserable island was a sort of "Hobson's choice."

But, while a story like this—it can hardly be called a legend—is obviously intended as a mere pun, and can hardly have imposed upon any one, there is a real misapprehension, with regard to the meaning of many of our Indian names of places, which comes so nearly under the head of name-legends that one or two instances of this kind of error may appropriately close a somewhat rambling paper. The name *Winnepesaukee*, or, as it is more commonly spelled, *Winnepesaukee*, is popularly supposed to have the poetic meaning, "Smile of the Great Spirit." The idea is, however, entirely erroneous. The name divides into *winne-nipe-s-aukee*, which is unambiguous Algonkin, meaning "Beautiful pond-place." Another error, much more widely spread, is the belief that the name *Mississippi* means "Father of Waters." This name is likewise an Algonkin name, *miche-sipe*, and has the very appropriate, although unpoetic, meaning of "Great river."

GEORGE S. JONES.

A TRAITOR.

IT was once the custom of a certain long-headed shopkeeper, in a thickly-populated city-street, to hang outside of his windows, in the open air, a great many samples of the goods he sold within; and, as his trade was in articles of underwear of men and women, there was generally suspended, upon cords attached to the wood-work of the house-front, a large and tempting assortment of woollen shirts, socks, petticoats, stockings, corsets, and the like, and which, blowing and flaunting this way and that in the otherwise neat and orderly street, attracted notice from the passers-by as far as they could be seen.

The police, especially in winter, had often warned the projector of this bold and effective mode of advertising that he was very liable to suffer by theft, inasmuch as his peculiar method of exposing his wares was the very refinement of temptation to the poor and half-frozen thieves who haunted this and all other streets devoted to business; but he replied that, even if the whole stock of clothing he displayed outside his door was regularly stolen once a week, he would lose ten times its value if he permitted himself to be frightened out of his system of attracting custom to his shop. Therefore the patrolmen had nothing to do but to be constantly prepared to give hard chase to any unfortunate persons whose poverty or wickedness made them victims to the seductive bait. This was by no means a frequent occurrence, though now and then, perhaps a dozen times a year, some poor wretch would be caught in the act of making a powerful yet secret grasp at some one of

the articles thus exposed, and would be instantly hurried off to the nearest police-station to answer to the charge on the following morning.

But, one bitter January night, a more vigorous mode of stealing was exhibited—a method which displayed cunning, desperation, and experience. An hour after dusk, and just before the throngs of people from the various workshops had emerged upon the sidewalks, and while the brilliant gas-lights illuminated every step of the way, three women gathered together from as many different streets, and hid themselves for a moment in the shadow of a door-way, not a dozen rods from the attractive shop-front.

There was a high wind, and, on account of two lofty buildings on the opposite side of the way, every gust swept down with a revolving rush, and set the signs and shutters to creaking and the dust to flying in clouds. The few foot-passengers put their heads down as far as possible between their shoulders, thrust their hands deep into their pockets, and staggered on their ways, half stunned and blinded.

At the proper instant—namely, when the stinging wind seemed to throw confusion on everybody—these three women emerged in single file from their place of concealment, and walked rapidly toward the festooned treasure of clothing which was tossing madly before the frosty windows. As they approached, they quickened their pace; and, as they came within a couple of yards, they gathered suddenly together and ran. The first made a leap into the air of two feet, and, stretching up her arm, grasped a thickly-laden cord; while the second made a whip with a knife at a smaller cord, which acted as a stay midway upon the principal one, and the last of the three gave a vigorous wrench with both hands at the lowermost fastening; and in a moment a quarter of the goods displayed were torn from their places, and in another moment all traces of them and their new possessors had disappeared.

It is not often that people of themselves desist from interfering in the affairs of either a vulgar thief or a magnificent scoundrel. Nearly all are capable of great exertions in the cause of virtue when somebody else has sinned. But in this case the piercing cold blunted the ardor of the two or three persons who saw the transaction, and they were more inclined to applaud the successful stroke than to pursue the wretched women.

A knot of passers gathered and asked questions, and the inmates of the shop huddled to the windows and doors, full of curiosity and secret amusement. But the furious owner, and the policemen, questioned and cross-questioned the witnesses to the theft, who were able to do little more than to indicate around which corner the women had disappeared.

"I think I know two of them," said the policeman, thrashing his arms about his shoulders; "I can guess from the style of the work. I would thank you to take the names of the gentlemen who saw the theft; my fingers are too numb to write."

This was done by the shopkeeper, and the officer immediately went away.

In the morning it appeared that the policeman was right; for no sooner had the

owner of the stolen goods arrived at his place of business than he was summoned to a municipal court to identify his property, which had been recovered. When the case was arrived at in its order, the three women who committed the robbery were arraigned at the bar.

They made a miserable spectacle. One was tall, gray-haired, and muscular; she had a small, quick eye, a large, sharp nose, with nostrils which expanded at every breath, a square jaw with a large hollow underneath, and a wrinkled neck. The color of her face was a reddish purple, varied here and there with a whitish patch, where in her numerous and constantly-recurring fits of passion she contracted the muscles and drove the blood

girl of nineteen. She wept almost constantly, and not with a tardy and hesitating trickle of tears, but with tears in copious streams, and with sobs which convulsed her frame and which were heard in the farthest parts of the court-room. Now and then, a sort of wail broke from her lips; but so much music did it contain, and so much anguish of heart did it express, that the constable, instead of seizing her roughly by the shoulder, and harshly ordering her to be quiet, merely touched her, and begged her in a whisper not to be afraid, and to take heart.

The second woman, beginning to find herself outdone in expressions of sorrow and contrition, also began to moan; but such a grating and discordant sound did she produce

to the weeping girl. He asked her many questions, to which she responded with a painful earnestness. In reply, he nodded, meanwhile keeping an eye upon the movements of the judge.

Once or twice he looked the girl fairly in the face. Her eyes were red, her features slightly swollen with weeping, and her black hair straggled over her forehead. Now and then, she dashed it from before her eyes with a sweep of her hand. Notwithstanding her ill condition, there was enough displayed in her countenance to reassure him.

She did not know the character of her interlocutor, but her companions did, and consequently they bent upon her looks of such feeling that she was impelled to turn and look



"She withdrew the iron. At its tip was the flaming T."—Page 466.

away. She was bareheaded, and she spread her bony hands out upon the rail in front of her, while she glanced here and there about the court-room, meanwhile quietly reckoning her chances. The second was a younger woman, though still over forty years of age. She was the reverse of defiant. All the lines in her long face ran up and down, and she seemed the most penitent of all wrong-doers. She continually struck soft blows on either cheek with a soiled handkerchief rolled up into a ball, and never raised her eyes from the ground at her feet. The flesh of her face was white, and there was drawn over her head, hood-fashion, a green shawl, which she caught at her throat with a stout and grimy hand. The third was altogether of a different sort. She was a strong, straight, powerfully-built

that the judge and all the spectators turned their eyes savagely upon her, and a sheriff made a pounce like an eagle, and shook her until she became silent again.

The charge was read by the clerk, in that mellifluous sing-song which is always unintelligible; and half a dozen witnesses trooped up to be sworn. In twenty minutes all was proved, and the three wretches stood plainly convicted. A young law-student, who had lately been called to the bar, volunteered to cross-examine, and then to make a plea for them by way of practice; but it amounted to little more than by-play, as the judge at once blew his law and logic into tatters.

While the boy had been trumpeting his slender knowledge and his raw but generous pity, a little old gentleman had been talking

at them. The tall one lowered her head, and stared at her with eyes burning with jealousy; while the other simply elevated her eyebrows, so that the whole of the glassy pupils became visible, and with these she bent upon the girl such a fixed and deadly glare that the latter gradually retired to the farthest part of the prisoners' dock.

The judge was about to speak.

The little gentleman at once observed it and hastened inside the rotunda before the bench, and, leaning with his knuckles upon the polished table, begged his attention.

"If your honor pleases, I should like to say a word before the sentence is passed upon the prisoners."

"Certainly, sir," replied the judge; "I am always ready to hear you."

"Thank you," responded the gentleman, with a bow. "I wish to intercede for one of the unfortunate women at the bar." Here he indicated the attentive girl with a direct look. "I am convinced," said he, "that she was tempted into the act of which she is accused by the arts of her two companions, who needed a confederate, and that she was also impelled by hunger, which she did not know how to satisfy honestly, as she is too little acquainted with our customs to understand the circumlocation of most of our charitable societies. She is Irish; she has no education, and has been in our country only a month. I feel that she has told me the truth, and that she comprehends that she has taken a downward step. I am certain that she is yet sinless at heart; and your honor is too good a physiognomist not to see that, were she once immersed in crime, her course would be a desperate and a dangerous one."

The last few words were whispered, and the judge attentively scrutinized the girl's face, and at once comprehended the promises made by the deep eyes, the large mouth with its nervous, tremulous lips, and the easy and upright carriage of the head. Over all there now rested a veil of shame and grief, which, though it softened the indications of a wild temper, yet was thin enough to permit one to detect a smouldering fire, and a fuel for tempest and mischief. A dozen condemning words from the judge might have converted her into a devil.

"What do you wish to do?" asked he of the suppliant.

"I shall take her home with me," responded the gentleman, in an undertone.

"You are a brave man," said the judge, with a smile. "I trust you will not make a mistake."

"If your honor will permit me to make the trial, I will undertake it. In all my missionary labors I do not remember a person in a like situation in whom there seemed combined so much that is pure and good with so much that is strong and uncultured. She is an elm-tree in a tangled forest."

"Have you any thing to say for the others, Mr. Missionary?"

"Only that this girl believes they were driven to the theft, as she was, by hunger," responded the other.

The judge shook his head.

"Your kindness of heart should not lead you to doubt *they* knew the way to get bread and rest if they wished. They have both been before me twice in the last eighteen months for trifling matters, and I shall now send them away for the remainder of the winter." The missionary gave them a look of commiseration. "What do you wish me to do with the girl? Of course, I cannot release her unconditionally."

"Would your honor place her on probation for three months? I will answer for her reappearance should she be wanted in court."

The two keen termagants guessed what was going on, and their jealous anger toward their companion increased tenfold. They thought they discovered treachery.

"Yes," said the judge, "I will do that. I wish you success, Mr. Missionary."

He then gave the necessary judgments to the clerk, who had been listening to the conversation, and who at once turned to the women and cried, sharply:

"Three months each in the House of Correction."

At the same instant he nodded to the sheriff of the court, who opened a clanking iron gate and beckoned the trembling girl to pass out of the dock into the court-room. A quick flush leaped into her face, she raised her head with renewed dignity, and her eyes glowed. But she suddenly turned pale and looked behind.

A rasping voice shrieked loudly: "Come back here!" It came from the smallest of the two women, who thrust out a lean arm toward her. "Come back, I tell you! You are as much of a thief as we are. Come back!"

She rushed with the speed of lightning to the iron gate, and endeavored to catch hold of the girl's mantle, which was just beyond her grasp.

All the officers started to their feet.

This produced an explosion from the other woman. She towered up with a face full of rage, and screamed in a tone, at once so powerful and so metallic in its sound, that it arose high above the shouted commands of the officers:

"Be all you men taken in by that green-horn? Be you goin' to let her go, and lock us up, when she's the principal thief of us three? D'ye call this justice? She's ben lyin' ter the mish'nary; she's lied herself out and she's lied us in; she gets pap, and we get three months on the Island, and all because she's got a long tongue. I'd like to see justice done! Give me justice, justice!" Her voice was like a trumpet, and she pounded with her fists on the rail in front of her. Her broad chest rose and fell with great rapidity, and there sparkled in her eyes the very refinement of fury. "My God!" she exclaimed to the petrified girl, meanwhile running to the iron gate and half flinging herself headlong over it, "I wish I could only lay my hands on ye."

She extended her fingers like talons; her face and neck were swollen with blood, and the muscles of her arms seemed to lie upon the outside, so rigid and prominent did they become.

Both the furies tightly crowded against the railing, assailed the terrified girl with the vilest epithets, all the while striking fiercely at the officers who tried to close with them.

"Come over here and shake hands afore we go, won't ye? Only one grip, only one, curse ye! Go 'long with the mish'nary and get saved to the Lord, yer peaching drab that stands to see yer friends go to the work'us without a word to save 'em. We don't furtit a traitor, a traitor!"

As this dread name fell almost by accident from the lips of the most infuriated of the two, their rage redoubled, for to their class duplicity to one another is an unparalleled crime, inasmuch as it carries with it the awful realities of condemnation and imprisonment.

Their very rags seemed to share their anger. Shrieks on shrieks arose, interspersed with

terrible profanity, and at first with incoherent words.

"Oh, if ye only knew what ye've got to settle for! Three months ain't long to wait, and then we'll hunt ye out and put a mark on ye so all the girls and boys'll know ye when ye walk the streets! 'Tain't long! 'Tain't no use fur ye to hide or run away! We'll find ye, and by the Almighty—"

Here the officers rushed in and caught them both as they would have caught wild beasts that they were forbidden to kill. They struggled savagely, but they were dragged back foaming at the lips, grinding their teeth, wrenching their bodies to and fro, but not once taking their glowing eyes from the trembling girl. With the remains of their exhausted voices they aspirated the word "traitor!" over and over again, and with the gathered strength of their failing limbs they now and then made impotent plunges toward the gate.

"Oh, see how they fight us!" gasped the taller wretch, almost exhausted; "only see how they strike us and choke us; only look at 'em; see 'em twist our arms! But we'll have our turn, my fair lady; we'll ketch ye some day, and we'll burn it deep on yer forehead! And—oh, don't kill me!—and ye can't wash it out with soap-and-water, my lady! Look out fur us two, my lovely mal—ah, would ye, though?—would ye?"

She attacked the officers who grasped her arm, and shook them from their heads to their feet, but she was caught too tight in their skillful grips. Foot by foot they pushed and dragged her back, while from out their arms there projected her dishevelled head with its burning face. They came to the door; here she made another vain stand; she was breathless; her mouth was wide open, her arms hung down, but not one instant did she take her baleful gaze from the one she imagined had procured her imprisonment.

Twenty times did her lips form the word "traitor," which was the burden of her thoughts, but not a syllable escaped them. She became a dead weight, though panting loudly, and, when the straining group turned the corner which led into the corridor, she sank helpless into the arms of her captors, and those in the court-room listened for a moment with suspended breath to the significant scuffling of the feet, and presently to the still more dreadful rattling of the bolts and bars.

It was not in nature that the poor creature who was left in the hands of the missionary should at once forget the threats and imprecations of her former companions, nor that the startling spectacle of their violent struggles should quickly fade out of her memory. In vain did her guardian tell her such scenes were common enough.

"They happen every day," said he; "the judge, the clerk, and the officers, are threatened with all kinds of mischief by the people who have to go to jail, yet you see that they are all there, and all well. It only takes twenty-four hours for the prisoners to find out that they alone are responsible for their punishment, and then they never dream of revenge."

"But," replied the girl, in a quivering

voice, at the same time raising her face from her hands—"but it isn't every day that they think they've been sold to the police by one of their friends."

"No, that is true," responded the other, "but they'll forget even that. They won't think of it a week hence."

"Oh, I know 'em better than you do, sir," was the answer given, with a perceptible shudder; "I shall be always dreamin' of 'em at night. I was never cursed before, sir; it was awful, awful!"

She began to cry again.

"Well," thought the missionary, philosophically, "the best cure for this case is diligent work."

The missionary's wife was a little astonished, not to say frightened, when her husband introduced to their domicile his lusty, broad-shouldered, and unhappy-looking charge. But, no sooner had her husband taken her one side and related the circumstances, than all her fears vanished in an instant, and her heart grew soft again. It was a keen and jealous eye that followed the changes in her face, and so, when the generous lady crossed over to the new-comer with outstretched hands, the poor woman was ready to fall at her feet and worship her.

Perhaps this unequivocal course of the two good people savored but little of common prudence, and it is not advised that every one should follow it, but still they possessed, in a high degree, that rare and under-estimated virtue, tact, and by it they were instructed that in this case no half-way measure, no lukewarm sympathy would answer, and they therefore took the extreme method of trusting her at once, wholly and without reserve.

The result for the first two days was peculiar. The girl was so beside herself with joy and gratitude that she played the mischief with the supreme order and rule of the household, and brought grief upon the cooking and cleansing. She occupied much of her time in efforts to arouse herself from her half-imagined slumber, and in prostrating herself and her brooms and pans in excesses of pleasure and surprise. But the succeeding ten days witnessed another phase of her transport; she became an engine of wonderful vigor and strength. She ploughed hither and thither, from the garret to the cellar, pursuing household enterprises of the most difficult and arduous kind, with an unrestrained fervor. Her skirts created draughts of air wherever she went, and she tossed about the heaviest furniture with the ease of a giant, yet with the care of an owner. She labored eighteen hours in the day, and only mourned that Nature required the other six. But, after the ten days had elapsed, she could absolutely find nothing more to do than to accomplish her routine labor. Therefore she settled down to her work, as if she meant it to be life-long.

She labored with her head as well as with her brawny arms. If it were necessary to go and fetch any thing, she would, if possible, carry something that was then out of place; she never swept one spot ten times where five times would achieve the object; she completed all her small and trivial labors first,

and then turned all her energies to accomplish the more difficult ones; she laid out her work ahead, and she therefore knew precisely what next to do, a little plan which contributed more to her happiness than she was aware of.

Thus did the house of the Thurmans (that being the name of the missionaries) become a model of neatness and comfort. The gratified lady would often point out her servant to her friends, and remark upon her devotion and skill.

"And besides that," she would add, "she loves my children. Every day she finds an hour to spare to take them into the Park, and her head is full of pleasant fairy-stories, which she tells them with all the graces of an actress. But then I feel that I do not understand her fully—she, like most of us, has her secret."

"Her secret!" some one would exclaim.

"Yes," would be the response, "she has a secret. My husband and my children, and perhaps my satisfaction with her, are her first objects in life; but after these comes a devotion to some thing or to some person we know nothing about. I could not dream of questioning her," the kind-hearted lady would add, "yet, being a woman, I have an unquenchable curiosity to find out."

Now, the missionary, although being by nature and by intent an unusually frank gentleman, had not conceived it to be a part of his duty to describe to his wife the ugly scene in court in which the girl had been engaged; and perhaps it was on this account that the lady was unable to get even a hint of an answer to the half a dozen questions which some peculiarities in the behavior of her servant had given rise to.

All these problems were not precipitated upon her at once, but it took two months to define them, and it was during the latter part of the third month that they were especially clear in the mind of the mistress.

First, the girl at times showed that her mind was abstracted, though her work lay plain before her; secondly, she would be overheard carrying on arguments with some unseen and undesignated person, maintaining her part of the conversation in words just plain enough to betray that she felt logical, or angry, or frightened, or sorrowful; thirdly, she was eager to know the discipline of the public correctional institutions, and to learn whether or not the punishments of offenders were severe; fourthly, she suddenly took to writing crabbed letters to some unknown person or persons; fifthly, she expended nearly all her wages upon some other object than herself, and seemed happiest when, on Saturday nights, she was permitted to draw a couple of dollars from her mistress, and do with it as she wished; and, sixthly, she was terribly anxious about the dates; and this anxiety perceptibly increased as the end of the third month drew near.

Meanwhile, she labored while there was the smallest call upon her; attested her love and reverence for her benefactors in a thousand homely ways; reared up within herself an enduring spirit of cheerful rectitude and honesty; and diffused about her, in her narrow orbit, an influence of such a sterling sort that people began to question if she did

not belong in a convent rather than in a kitchen.

The two Thurmans laid their heads together (as the lady fondly supposed) to try to solve the mystery of their maid's conduct; but the shrewd missionary, after hearing in full the symptoms which his wife carefully detailed, professed himself (with reservations) to be as much in the dark as she was. But, to tell the precise truth, he presently began to divine the trouble, and so set secretly to work to make inquiries in quarters where his suspicions directed him, resolving, meanwhile, that the pure-hearted girl whom Providence had placed under his care should come to no possible harm.

It so happened that, on the second day of the fourth month, it became necessary, in the order of the household work, to cleanse and polish the door-plate, which displayed, in separate steel letters, upon a walnut strip, the name "Thurman." The orderly mistress discovered, late in the afternoon, that this little duty had not been performed. She was surprised, but for her right hand she would not have reminded her good servant of her negligence. It was the merest trifle in itself; but, as it was the only shortcoming that had ever occurred, the incident assumed great significance as she pondered over it. The girl herself increased this significance, later in the day, by saying to her mistress, with a blush:

"Please would you mind if I rubbed the door-plate this evening, ma'am? I can do it as well after dark as I can now."

"Certainly," responded the lady; "do it whenever you choose."

She at once set this down as the seventh unexplainable problem, and confided it to her husband. But the eighth was on the way.

It was customary for the missionary to quit his house at about eight o'clock on each morning; and, on the day succeeding the one just referred to, he passed out of the outer door as usual; but presently he returned, as nearly angry as such a good man could be. He addressed his wife, who, with her prominent servant, was busied in household matters:

"Do you know what has happened to the door-plate?" he inquired.

"No," was the reply, delivered with a look of astonishment.

"Somebody has wrenched off the first letter with a chisel," replied the gentleman. "All the rest of the letters are in their places, but the T is gone."

His glance fell upon the girl; her eyes were fixed full upon him; if her look had been interpreted, it would have said, "That has got something to do with the word 'Traitor';" while, if his responding gaze were also translated, it would have meant "I am afraid so; but why did you think of it? you women are too sharp for comfort."

They all went immediately to examine the door-plate, and the three people speculated variously upon the cause of the violent though petty theft; one of them offering her opinions in all sincerity, and the other two offering theirs, in the vain hope of hitting upon some more plausible reason than that which had instantly occurred to them.

The day was one of disaster to the household. Margaret's abstraction was too great

to permit of intelligent labor. Her hands seemed slippery, her movements awkward, her intelligence dulled, and her happiness gone. Now and then she made a spurt, but only to pause midway in some duty, and to reflect and to listen. She drew the shades in the windows of her kitchen, and pulled the bolts in the rear-doors, though it was broad daylight. Occasionally she would reason with herself, and then for a few moments she would sing and bustle about again as usual, and only for a few moments; her disposition to silence and quiet was too great. She even caught herself peering out through the blinds, and recoiling at the knock of the postman.

The day passed in misery. Her mistress looked in upon her once or twice, only to find her working frantically, but without the smallest shadow of method. She felt that she was growing ill with anxiety. She began to wish that the missionary would return, so that she might talk to him. She never dreamed of confessing to her mistress, as she instinctively dreaded to jar their peaceful and happy relations; she therefore suffered in silence.

But at nightfall the girl began to be a little more at her ease; she felt protected in some indefinite way by the darkness.

Suddenly her mistress's bell jangled sharply over her head; she started and looked at it with fright, and then obeyed it.

The lady pointed out a letter for her which she had taken in at the door. It was lying upon the table, and was in the shape of a soiled and crumpled bit of paper folded but once. The girl approached it with slow steps. Her cheeks gradually lost their color until they became deathly white. She placed her forefinger against her teeth, and twice lowered her trembling hand, but twice raised it again. Her knees knocked together under her, and there was a perceptible shudder in the folds of the thin shawl which lay over her shoulders.

She took the letter up, delayed a while under pretence of examining the direction, and then panting, as if ready to scream, opened it.

She spelled out the cramped words, and her color began to return. She let her hand fall from before her eyes, and commenced to laugh.

"It only says my sister is sick, mistress, and they want me to go to see her. May I go?"

"Have you ever been there before?" asked the wary lady, having in mind the dark night.

"No ma'am, for she moves so often. This is a new place."

She read the direction aloud.

The lady thought it a dangerous journey, but, at the same time, she fancied it would be sinful to prevent it. Therefore she complied with the request, and the unsuspecting woman thanked her from the bottom of her heart.

At eight o'clock the missionary had not returned, and at nine Margaret emerged upon the street. There was a savage wind blowing from the northwest, and her path lay in the very teeth of it. She was strong and hardy, and rather revelled in the struggles she had with the blasts which rushed upon her from

all sides. She was warmly clad, besides having that most comfortable of cloaks, an unburdened heart. Fate led her toward her destination by way of the very street upon a corner of which was the shop from which she had helped to steal.

For some reason it was still open, even at this hour, and there still swung outside, flaunting this way and that, the self-same festoons of sacques, skirts, corsets, and jackets, which had tempted her three months before. She now saw the sight from the opposite side, and trembled as she looked at it. There was the same glare of light, the same broad and fanciful frost-work upon the window-panes, the same look to the people hurrying past in the cold, and, exactly in the place of the cord she and her two companions had cut away, there was now another cord holding just the same complement of clothing.

She looked at the spot with the sensations of one who regards some terrible piece of machinery which at some former time had lured him within its clutches by the glitter of its wheels, only to cast him forth again torn and bleeding. It was at this moment that she most fervently blessed the missionary and his wife, and that she was able to contrast most vividly her present safety and happiness with her past danger.

She clasped her hands before her, and moved away with downcast head; for a little while she even forgot the dreadful expectation which had possessed her for the past two days. But, suddenly, it returned upon her with all its force. She stopped and looked around. Every thing was in a whirl of dust. The streets were deserted; but still *they* might be concealed in some of these many dark arches and door-ways ready to spring out upon her without hint or warning.

She scrutinized the shadowed places with looks of terror, but all at once she exclaimed to herself:

"I am not afraid of them! I shouldn't care if they came straight up to me, face to face. I'd tell them the truth just as I have written it to them time and again. I am not a coward!" But, close upon this, there arose the spectacle of the two pairs of glowing beasts' eyes and the memory of the fierce threats, now three months old, but still as full of voice as when they were uttered. She hurried on, trembling more than ever. "Once in my sister's house," thought she, "then I shall be safe; some one shall go back with me."

The way was long and devious. It was up-hill and down-hill, and into the meanest part of the town. The houses grew tall, the streets became narrow, and the wind began to howl.

Margaret began to look out for the court, which was her destination. It was half an hour before she found it. It was illuminated by a single light at the farther end, and it was surrounded by old houses of ancient gentility which had all fallen to be food for the worms. Above her head there was but a single glow in the vast expanse of blackness, and there was no one of whom she might inquire for the house she wanted. Therefore, she was obliged to feel on the

panels and door-posts with her fingers, and endeavor in this way to find the required number. She discovered it. She stepped back into the centre of the court and looked upward. This was the house from which there shone the only light, and this was in the uppermost window. The rest of the building seemed deserted.

"I think my sister must be very poor to come here," reflected Margaret.

Suddenly the most appalling thought rushed upon her. She quickly raised her head again and stared at the calm, yellow glow above; then she hurried in toward the denser shadow, and put out her hand against the wall to support her. She could hardly stand. "Could it be? Could it be?" she queried to herself in a whisper. "Could *they* have written me that letter?"

Then there reappeared the vision of the terrible eyes, and also the sound of the bitter threats. She stood silent and motionless, struggling between fear and courage. She did not move a hand or a foot. Her face, though it was not to be seen in the dark, was pale and immovable. It was a hard fight. There was yet time to fly, but she lingered. Then, possibly, it might be her sister after all. "At any rate," she said, finally, "I will go up there and see. If it is my sister, then I shall be glad I was not scared. But if it isn't my sister, why, then — then I'm not afraid."

She then turned about and pushed at the tall door, and disappeared from the street.

There was a small lamp burning at the head of a flight of stairs, which she first saw on entering. She divined that it was placed there for her, so she ascended to take it; but, before she reached it, a gust extinguished the light, and she was left in darkness.

She placed a hand on the balustrade; it was rough and splintered, so she crossed over and put her other hand on the wall on the opposite side, and by this guide she proceeded. She completed the first flight in safety. Then she essayed the second. The stairs creaked, and she stumbled, but she also completed these without any mishap.

Then there came the third and last. It was narrower than the others, and was littered with fragments of board and plaster. Every footstep sounded like the rumbling of thunder. Once or twice the brave girl faltered, as there was no voice to welcome, nor light to guide her, and she argued from this that those who awaited her could not be friends.

When she came to the top she dared not wait to consider. She was courageous from a sort of hysteria, which sharpened her ears and eyes, and filled her with an insane activity. She detected three long lines of light opposite her. She saw they defined three edges of a door, and she hastened toward it and rapped loudly and continuously with her knuckles.

"Come in, come in!" replied a feeble voice.

"It may be my poor sister after all," thought she.

She pushed at the door, opened it, and stepped forward. It was a large room, nearly bare of furniture, but with a red-hot stove opposite the door. In the farthest corner

lay a figure on a bed, with a candle on a table behind it. The rays dazzled Margaret's eyes and prevented her from seeing the features of the sick one. But no sooner had she crossed the threshold than this figure languidly extended its hand. She did not hesitate, but crossed toward it directly. When half-way, she heard the snap of a lock; she looked around, and saw a bending woman locking the door. The woman looked up and stepped forward with the key at the end of her fingers. Her white face was disturbed by a horrid attempt at a laugh. This was one of Margaret's two enemies.

She shrank back a step or two, and, in so doing, she looked behind. The figure which had been prostrate was now standing upright on the floor, with her hands on her hips, regarding her with malignant eyes which sparkled with excitement. This was the other enemy.

A cry of fear struggled up to the poor girl's mouth, but it lost its tone, and expended itself in a bubbling sound, while she clasped her hands and wrung them in silence. She looked slowly from one to the other.

"We've caught ye pretty fine, hain't we, Traitor?" said the taller wretch, in a smothered undertone. "You thought we'd forgit how ye sold us to the officers and got us into limbo, didn't ye? Didn't ye say to yerself, 'They'll be so glad to git out o' the work'us that they won't think o' me; they can't find me hid away in this big city; they won't dare to tech me, to put a mark on me, ez they threatened in the court-room.' Ef ye did say that, ye deceived yerself, didn't she old girl, didn't she?"

"So she did," echoed the other. They both put the palms of their hands over their mouths, and laughed together.

"Yes, you was took in ef you thought you could break with yer friends and go without a scratch, or a mark, or a burn."

The last word seemed to be a suggestive as well as a triumphant one. The two creatures gave each a quick look at the stove, which roared like a blast-furnace.

A sickening dread overcame their victim.

"What are you going to do to me?" she whispered, with her stiff and unwilling lips. "I didn't tell of you two in court, and have you forgot—"

The two termagants instantly rushed upon her from either side, and, fiercely ordering her to be silent, beset her with such an outburst of oaths and abuse that she threw her arms over her head like a bewildered child and tried to shake them off.

"Oh, it's a fine time for you to cry and take on!" cried the tallest fury, fastening a muscular hand on her shoulder and peering into her face. "Ain't yer sorry now? don't ye wish yer hadn't done it? don't it seem hard to get pay fur bringin' ruin on yer friends and pals, don't it? Say, don't it?" She shook her to and fro with the ease that a cat shakes a mouse.

"Tell her what we're goin' fur to do," interposed the other woman, "and let her think of it; it'll amoose her."

"So it will, ye're right! so it will! Well, then, we've swore, the two of us, dy'e hear? we've swore to make a mark, a burn, on yer

so you'll be known to yer feller-men wherever ye go. Understand!"

She met the girl's dilated eyes without a tremor in her own. She could not have gazed at a summer sky with less remorse or pity. Suddenly she turned her savage eyes upon her scowling mate, who stood a little apart.

"Go and look after the door again; the lock's bad, and we can't have people lookin' in."

The woman turned. No sooner had she done so, than the other threw her arm around the girl's neck, and, pressing her lips to her ear, whispered rapidly:

"She sha'n't tech ye, Meg; there's a door at the other end that she don't know about. Run for it when ye get a chance. I hain't furgot, Meg."

The girl was stupefied; and her confusion increased as there immediately burst upon her ears the harshest of voices from the same woman, who again assailed her with curses for her perfidy.

The other returned full of bitterness and wrath; it was her turn.

"'Twas you that shut us up in the work'us where 'twas cold and mis'rab'le. Your lies kep' us slavin' all the winter long where they watched us and drove us like dogs, and locked us up at night like murderers, and dy'e think there's goin' to be nothin' done ter yer?"

The brawling wretch hovered before her victim with closed fists and starting eyes. Suddenly she turned about and caught something from the hearth of the stove. She held it up between her fingers. It was the steel letter T which had disappeared from the Thurmans' door-plate. Margaret could do nothing but tremble, and feebly try to shake off her jailer's hand.

"Dy'e see it? dy'e reco'nize it? do yer?" She approached with it. All at once she stopped with a shrug of her shoulders, as if a draught of cold air had struck her. She looked quickly toward the window. "Ye'd better see that its tight," said she to her companion, "'twon't do ter have the perlice listenin'."

The other at once hastened to examine the casement, while her companion slipped forward and pointed to the door, saying, with her lips only: "'Tain't locked, Meg. Run from her, fur she'll kill ye. I hain't furgot." And then, close upon this pantomime, there followed, as in the case of her mate, a volume of the grossest language.

"Put it inter the fire!" ordered the master-spirit, stepping heavily forward with her arms down at her side, and her massive head lifted high above her companions. The other, instead of instantly obeying, tossed the letter slowly in her hand for a moment, while her dull eyes began to look dangerous. Margaret began to comprehend.

"Be you afraid?" sneered the first fury. The other at once responded by dropping the letter into the stove at the top, and there flew up to the ceiling a cloud of sparks. Then she produced a pair of pincers with long, slender jaws, and laid them on the hearth.

All at once a diversion was created by each of the two women discovering that she was being secretly watched by the other.

"Ain't ye glad we've caught her?" demanded the principal, with a villanous look at Margaret.

"Gladder than you be," was the response, accompanied by a similar glance in the same direction.

Margaret began to understand that they dreaded each other. They had freely exhibited their true feelings to her, yet they maintained a show of their fantastic honor between themselves. They had, doubtless, vowed to perpetrate this tragic vengeance three months before; and, although they had been persuaded, by some influence, to relent, yet each dreaded to incur the contempt and rage of the other by displaying her honest heart. The word "traitor" to their ears led the whole catalogue of damning epithets.

Margaret, though dimly cognizant of all this, did not stir. She had a reason for waiting. Yet she was afraid; she was terrified at the place, the time, the preparations, the wild and witch-like furies, and their hideous faces.

The room was terrible. It was full of huge beams and secret corners; the stove threw a red glare upon a part of it, and the candle a yellow glare upon the other part. At her left was a dimly-seen door, through which she had but to dart to escape; behind her was still another, all unlocked; before her were the two wretches hardened to all known crimes, and whose capricious tempers might change at any instant.

Twice did each one deliberately turn her back upon her, and twice did the other savagely motion to her to fly. She only advanced nearer.

It puzzled them. Suddenly, and, at the same instant, they both conceived she did not comprehend them, and they both cast about for a method to convey their meaning. People of their class do not stand much upon *finesse*; they accomplish all their purposes with violence; and, as in this case violence was particularly appropriate, each of them hit upon a plan in which it was to be used.

Both began to curse her again simultaneously.

Such was now their apparent fury that all the previous exhibitions of their anger seemed but the burning of the fuse which led to the magazine. They acted and looked like fiends. Such swelling cries, such portentous looks, such violent contortions of their faces, such a mad swinging of their tattered garments, and such a burning torrent of imprecations did there now fall upon the senses of the girl before them that she shrank back, inch by inch, horrified and amazed. The shorter woman fiercely laid hold of the pincers and plunged them into the coals, and sought for the letter, without shrinking at the pain she felt at her hand.

She withdrew the iron. At its tip was the flaming T. She dropped it upon the fender, and caught it anew by one of the short wires at the back.

She hoped that she might push the girl toward the unlocked door in the struggle that was to come, and find a way of conveying to her a knowledge that the door was open. Failing this, she measured her mate's stature,

and caught a tight hold upon the weighty pincers.

Suddenly there gathered in her wicked face an expression of ferocity, and she darted upon Margaret like a tiger. She caught her by the waist and fiercely pressed her back. But she was hardly quicker than the other woman. Like an avalanche did the powerful wretch precipitate herself upon the struggling two, but with *her* mind upon the farthest door. She bore them back, straining every muscle, exerting every mighty limb, and using her shoulders with an ox-like strength. Margaret shrieked aloud, and, releasing her arms, she rained upon the two furies such violent blows that at any other time would have stunned them, but which now fell as unheeded as her cries.

The floor creaked, the candle-flame wavered, the three strong women surged this way and that, each with a separate purpose, but all with a mighty desperation.

One pair of burning eyes followed the pincers as though they were magnetized. Another pair fixed itself upon the first, and, even amid the savage contest, watched them jealously; while the third, dimmed with the faintness and fright of its possessor, flew here and there, distressed, scared, and imploring.

All at once, by a slip of the hand, the glowing letter came down by Margaret's face. Quicker than thought the tall woman shot out her bony hand to grasp it. It eluded her with a movement as sudden as hers. Her eye fell upon her mate, now grown to be her mortal enemy, and in her attitude, her sparkling eye, her inhuman face, she contemplated a purpose so diabolical, so fraught with danger and destruction to herself, that, with a frightful yell, made with gaping mouth and nostril, she withdrew her hold from Margaret and launched herself upon her antagonist. She grasped her by the throat, bent her backward, and then, with a gigantic effort, she brought her again to her breast, and then cast her from her, reeling and staggering upon her helpless feet, across the floor to the wall, against which she struck, with her arms outstretched, and fell helpless and blind-ed upon the floor.

Margaret, thus suddenly released, stood in a tremor. The termagant, with flashing eyes and clinched hands, gazed at the work she had performed. The pincers lay at a distance off upon the floor, and the steel letter lay burning itself into the pine plank, from which it sent up a spiral stream of smoke.

At this instant there was a sound of feet in the passage-way. The door flew open, and there rushed in the missionary and five officers, breathless and eager.

They put forty questions to Margaret, who could not speak from the tears which choked her.

The officers instinctively approached and hemmed in the two women, and only awaited the word of the missionary to lay hands upon them. The one upon the floor gradually raised her head, and then slowly, by the help of her hands, gained a sitting posture.

The missionary thought he comprehended the situation, and, with a face and tone full of contempt, he upbraided the two women.

They listened sullenly at first, but finally with surprise and amazement.

"Every week for the past three months," cried the missionary, with an emphasis which sounded a great deal like bitterness, "on every Saturday night has this poor girl sent to you in your workhouse every thing she could buy with her wages. She hardly saved a penny for herself, but she laid out her few dollars to send better food, and better shoes, and better clothing for you to wear when you came out. She gave each of you equal shares; she has gone without comforts for herself so that she might divide her money between you" (the two women exchanged looks). "When you were sick, and you both were, she sent you dainties fit for sick people to eat. She did it secretly, and now you try to injure her, and perhaps to kill her" (the woman on the floor got up; the other began to be restless, and hung her head). "Is there no gratitude in you?" continued the good man, with rising voice; "can you be worse than animals? The dogs in the street would have treated her better than you have! Look at the poor girl who has done so much for you, and then ask yourselves if you can be any thing else than devils, to entice her here with a decoy-letter, to revenge yourselves upon her!" The old gentleman's hand trembled as he spoke; and even the gray hair upon his head was disturbed by the wrath which he felt. "And I have got to tell you this," he added, in a voice broken with emotion, "she has hunted far and wide all over the city to get places where you two may go and work like honest women. It was a hard search, for she told your stories frankly, and people too often turned their backs upon her. But she gained her point, and there are two places where you can go to earn your livings."

The tallest woman came forward two steps, saying:

"Mr. Mish'nary, 'fore God I came to protect her!"

The missionary was astounded. Margaret advanced.

A harsh voice spoke up from the corner, saying, with like emphasis:

"So did I, Mr. Mish'nary; I come fur to protect her."

She told about the unlocked door. The other woman told about the other door; and, to prove what she said, she went and swung it open.

Then she slowly came back, with her eyes fixed on her companion. The look was returned in like. This silent interview began on both sides with hesitation and distrust, but ended in confidence. The two gradually approached each other, and would have met but that the officers stepped forward and produced two pairs of handcuffs.

"What are you going to do that for?" cried Margaret, with shrill alarm.

The police had been so accustomed to arrest the two women that they imagined that it was necessary to do so on sight; and no doubt the women, equally accustomed to being arrested, would have submitted. But the question now being put, the principal of the men stopped, glanced at the missionary, and then replied:

"We arrest them for—well—we arrest them for breaking the peace." He began to look sheepish.

"Never mind that," said the missionary, curtly.

Margaret quickly stepped across to the two women. Each of them seized one of her hands and arms, and held them convulsively. They whispered together for a moment, and then Margaret returned, weeping.

"What are they going to do?" asked the missionary.

"They are going to work, sir," replied the girl.

Considering that she had well-grounded faith for what she said, her assertion (though a thousand similar ones are made every day) was not a very trifling one; for it is a desperately hard labor for one who has been marauding on society to turn his or her hands to honest toil.

In this case, however, the two viragos stood by their promises through thick and thin, meanwhile showering blessings on the head of their friend. Thus was the traitorous work completed.

ALBERT WEBSTER, JR.

A RHYME OF THE MAPLE-TREE.

A BROWN-WINGED bird is sitting
High up in the maple-tree;
Out loud, with a pretty bravery,
To his sole self singeth he,
While the reddening leaves are falling
Fast down from the maple-tree.

A brown-haired girl is sitting
Low under the maple-tree;
In a voice like smitten silver
To her sole self sigheth she,
And her tears are falling, falling,
Like the leaves from the maple-tree.

The sunshine comes to kiss her
All under the maple-tree;
Her cheeks are like wood-roses—
She's fair enough for three!
But she has no heart to listen
To the bird in the maple-tree.

For she has shamed her sweetheart
All under the maple-tree;
"And yet, there's not another
Who, like him, loveth me—
We shall sit no more together
Under this maple-tree!"

He listens close beside her,
All under the maple-tree;
He's jealous of the sunshine,
He will not let her be—
On two the leaves are falling
Fast from the maple-tree.

She's shy, but he is master,
All under the maple-tree:
First tears, then smiles and kisses—
In sooth, 'tis fine to see!
And her heart goes singing, singing,
With the bird in the maple-tree.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

TABLE-TALK.

OUR latest lyric importation, Pauline Lucca, is one of those fortunate creatures who combine many endowments in one person, and win a success almost as a game at cards is won—by making more points than the adversary. Has it occurred to our musical aspirants, of whom there are not a few among the fair readers of this JOURNAL, to reckon the qualifications that a *prima donna* must possess, other than musical talent, in order to win a great popular success? Those of our readers who were at the Academy of Music, in this city, on the night of her first American appearance, September 30th, heard a fine voice when Madame Lucca sang, yet not a finer voice than they had heard before. It was clear, resonant, a *mezzo soprano* of force and flexibility, and with many remarkably fine notes in it; yet, had we heard it from behind a screen, we should not have come away with the feeling that one of the leading singers of the world had entertained us. Whence comes the difference which makes one good singer famous while another is forgotten? There are several reasons for it. When Lucca appeared before that expectant audience, in the middle of the first act, she bounded upon the stage with the litheness of a panther springing from his lair. The life and resilience of the action were thrilling; the personal "magnetism" that was displayed gave her at once a command of her audience that no vocalization, however skilful, could have won. This quality of vitality, of enthusiasm, and its abundant capacity for hard work, is quite as important an element in musical success as the artistic endowment itself; and Lucca, from the start, won a rather reluctant audience by her tropical force and fervor. Five years ago, when we first heard Lucca, she was eminently possessed of that bright, fresh, sensuous, rosy charm which the French call "*beauté du diable*." The good Berlinese were standing all night at the box-office to secure seats for the next night's representation; her part was that of Zerlina, in "*Don Juan*," and she invested it with a charm that we have seen in no other acting. Since that time, years of hard work have taken away somewhat of the young actress's bloom; and yet this kind of beauty lasts well as compared with the more delicate and intellectual styles of beauty, which are not based upon so firm a foundation of physical health. Lucca is by no means *passé*, as those who have seen her in Margarethe can testify; yet what a contrast does her beauty make to that of Mademoiselle Nilsson, so well remembered in this rôle? The one all southern passion; the other a girlish blonde, with the reserve and coolness of the north, and charming to those who find the more impetuous nature, as many do, somewhat overcharged and fatiguing upon

the stage. But, in either case, there exists an endowment equally essential to dramatic success with those that we have mentioned. The capacity for hard work, the energy that makes hard work as welcome as play, the robust mental temperament and hardy physical constitution that carry the singer through the enormous toil of an operatic season—these are essential qualifications for a public singer of the first rank, and even more important, we had almost said, than the possession of a fine voice. How many of our aspirants for dramatic fame have seriously considered the amount of physical vitality that they possess? Among twenty sweet singers, there are seldom more than one or two who have such power for work as Lucca and Nilsson have—such high vitality, such a reserved force, as Professor Huxley might tell us, of protoplasm, enabling them to remain night after night and year after year in the musical arena when weaker competitors have succumbed. In this respect European songstresses usually have the advantage over those of domestic growth. They have deeper chests, stronger frames, a more abundant fund of health and animal spirits. We have known American young ladies possessed of charming voices and high hopes, but deficient in physical stamina, to go to Europe for the purpose of study, and to succeed as long as they kept to study. But they broke down before the hard campaigning that is necessary to success in the musical field. The requisites to musical success are much more complex than these aspirants supposed. Another one of them, though it is so obvious, we shall mention because we have seen it fatally overlooked. It is that of a pleasant manner upon the stage. Now Lucca is nothing if not sympathetic; and to this quality, as much as to the others that we have mentioned, a great musical success is usually due. Lucca has beauty, strength, enthusiasm, and birth upon her side, as well as genius. The public demands much more than the young aspirant supposes of those who would become its favorites. There are exceptions to this rule, but not in the case of women-artists. Rubinstein triumphs by sheer force of genius; he is a primitive force, a real Titan in instrumental music; but in the profession personal charms are but secondary, and great abilities win their way without them. For the singer, however, we may conclude that the ability to sing is by no means the only qualification that is necessary. A great singer must generally be an extraordinary person.

—A fair and accurate account of the United States by an Englishman is not yet hopeless. We are to be visited this autumn by two of the foremost of British thinkers, both of whom will come here armed with a fine capacity for observing men and things, and neither of whom has undertaken to judge us before ever having seen us. Both

are too catholic in spirit and thought to be influenced by the testimony of other witnesses in regard to a country which they propose to examine for themselves. Professor Tyndall, who, it is reported, will arrive at this port some time in October, will come to us with a ripe reputation as a courageous man of science, remarkable for his independence and persistency. His career has been singularly fruitful of results in discovery and scientific progress; he is one of the most ardent of that coterie of scientific revivalists which has arisen in England to give an impulse to natural philosophy, and to bring scientific results within the popular comprehension, within the past twenty years. As a lecturer and writer, Professor Tyndall ranks very high among the world's teachers; he is eloquent, lucid, enthusiastic, and conscientiously exact; he gauges his audience, and pitches his key-note in harmony with the scale of their intelligence. It is in this ability to popularly expound, as well as to penetrate the secrets of Nature, that Tyndall, Huxley, and Carpenter, contrast favorably with their predecessors. His lectures in the United States will doubtless be in the popular and fascinating style familiar to his audiences at the Royal Institution, full as it is of happy illustration, and the poetry as well as the logic of science. Mr. Froude's advent will interest another class of readers and hearers—perhaps a wider class. He is an essayist as well as an historian, and his keen interest in every-day events, as well as in the records of the past, will put him *en rapport* with his audience, especially as his delivery is pleasing, and his thoughts are always pertinent and well clothed in forcible language. Mr. Froude has written one of the most entertaining, if not one of the most accurate, fragments of English history; his style therein is attractive, positive, clear, and confident. We may demur at his elaborate defence of Henry VIII., and at his portraiture of the two Marys; but we cannot deny the vigor of his intellect, the force of his style, or the evident earnestness with which he has made his researches. Two such observers of our manners and civilization, looking upon them, perhaps, from different points of view, but with the same critical eye and desire for the truth, would be able to tell their countrymen much about us that has never been told, or at least so well told, before. Englishmen have read much more about America, and have taken greater pains to really understand us, since the conclusion of the war demonstrated the likelihood of our continued existence as a tolerably powerful nation; yet many misconceptions—some of them ludicrously absurd—are still afloat amid the English fog.

—The recent arrival of a large body of Mormon immigrants at this port is one of the suggestive signs of the times. When the Pacific Railroad was begun, we were told that the completion of that great national highway

would prove a death-blow to the Mormon delusion; that it required but the influx of civilization to expose the hollowness of the claims of the leaders, and to disabuse the minds of their followers. What has been the result? The road has been open for several years, and Salt Lake City is as easy of access, barring the distance, as any other city of the Union. The Gentiles have flocked in apace, the vast wealth of the territory has been developed, and protection to life and property has been assured by the presence of United States officials, supported by United States bayonets. But they who looked for the decadence of Mormonism as an institution have been sadly mistaken. It is true that the leaders possess no longer the absolute power that they did when isolated from the world, and that some dissensions have sprung up among them; but it is equally true that the Saints are continually increasing in number. Their recruits, as would be expected, are from the ignorant classes. They are generally from the north of Europe. About one-half of them, it is said, are natives of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, and the remainder are from England, Scotland, and Wales. We never see any Irish Mormons, and seldom any from the south of Europe. The missionaries of Salt Lake find their readiest converts among the hardy peasantry of the colder climates. Ignorant, poor, earning their daily bread with difficulty, and with no prospect of ever bettering their condition at home, they listen eagerly to the glowing accounts of the Mormon emissaries, who promise them a paradise on earth, with the certainty of a heavenly one at the close of their career. The transition from the cold, sterile soil of Sweden and Norway, or from the peasants' cabins of England and Scotland, to a rich, productive land, where every man can own his farm and live in his own house, is a great one; and it is not strange that the enticing picture should win many proselytes. We have only to watch our immigrant-ships to become convinced that the agents of Brigham Young are meeting with a remarkable success; and, if numbers are any criterion of the vitality of a religious movement, we cannot resist the conclusion that Mormonism is to-day a living, growing faith.

— An official plate-mark is much needed in this country; there ought to be one for the whole Union; just as there ought to be a national college of pharmacy with the view of preventing manslaughter by illiterate drug-clerks; but, in the meanwhile, inasmuch as a very large amount of the best plate in the land is manufactured in this State, an official plate-mark, and heavy penalties for imitation of the same, would be a great deal better than nothing. Such a mark is a great public convenience. At present a purchaser has no security whatever, except the assurance of the silversmith that the article is genuine, for the name of a well-known firm is really but a

very unsatisfactory security unless the article be actually purchased direct from them. The British plate-mark enables the connoisseur to tell the exact date of the plate, and whether it is English, Irish, or Scotch. It is this stamp which, in many cases, gives so much value to plate, by proving it of a date when taste in regard to it was exceptionally excellent. Thus, while second-hand plate of the reign of George IV. will only fetch at the rate of a dollar and twenty-five cents an ounce, that of Queen Anne sells at from five to ten times that price. Again, second-hand plate can, in England, be bought with perfect security as to its being what it pretends to be all over the kingdom, for everybody knows what is the mark on real silver, and the penalties for imitation of the mark are so severe and so invariably enforced by the Goldsmiths' Hall, that imitation is very rarely attempted.

— Several British noblemen are railroad proprietors. The Marquis of Exeter has for some years been the sole owner of a line which connects "Stamford town"—by which, as all readers of Tennyson know, his lordship's house of Burleigh stands—with the great trunk-road to London; and within a few weeks a line of fifteen miles, made entirely at the expense of the Duke of Devonshire, has been opened in the south of Ireland, where he has a great estate; while the Duke of Sutherland has commenced a road-line through that country. The guards of Lord Exeter's line wear buttons with that nobleman's coronet, and the panels of the carriages bear his arms. The Duke of Devonshire's railroad cost six hundred thousand dollars. It is rather a happy coincidence that it should have been completed at a time when his son is chief-secretary for Ireland. On the whole, money spent on the railroad is likely to bring a better return than that expended on the turf, we fancy, though the first outlay is no doubt heavier; and it will be a good day for England when the contention of wealthy "swells," with sporting proclivities, is as to whose engine can combine the greatest speed, safety, and economy of fuel, instead of whose horse can attain only the first.

Literary Notes.

JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO. announce for publication a work entitled "The 'Kaballah' of the Egyptians, and 'Canon of Proportions' of the Greeks," by George Henry Felt. We are informed in the prospectus that "the 'Kaballah' existed in the earliest traditional ages, and in it the secrets of Nature and the mysteries of religion, and the meaning of the divine revelations were expressed by occult figures, signs, or words, or by common words, signs, or figures, having a mystical or hidden meaning. According to tradition, this 'Kaballah' of the Egyptians was a geometrically and mystically arranged figure, intimately connected with all the works of Nature, both animate and inanimate, which had been revealed

to man in the very earliest ages; but what the 'Kaballah' originally consisted of, or any thing relating to it, seemed to be lost. All traditions agreed, however, in this: that the 'Kaballah,' if recovered, would furnish a perfect system of proportion, and a complete key to all the works of art in the early ages, and of Nature itself; that it would also elucidate the origin of language, printed or written, hieroglyphical or figurative, thus showing the hidden and true meaning of the Old and New Testaments. Being a complete key to the works of Nature, it explains the origin of species and their different relations, in giving a system of proportion that exists in all her works and operations and their different ramifications or parts. The Grecian 'Canon'—as this system of proportion brought from Egypt by Grecian sculptors and architects about 350 B. C., by which they fashioned their unequalled statues of the human figure and their architectural masterpieces. Mr. Felt claims to have discovered the 'Kaballah,' and that the proof of its correctness is abundant and positive. The 'Kaballah' is a geometrical figure, the actual measurements of which are established through all Nature and art. This work is written without technical terms, and plainly, so that a child of twelve years may understand it. The geometrical problems are reduced to the simplest elements, so that they can be understood without a knowledge of geometry. The work has been examined and approved, and enthusiastically indorsed by prominent members of the learned professions and mechanic arts, and is peculiarly interesting to students of masonry, being a complete key to the ancient mysteries. This book will be profusely illustrated in the highest style of art, and will be invaluable to students of mathematics or language, clergymen, and all persons wishing to understand the true meaning of the Bible, architects, machinists, engineers, builders, sculptors, etc." Verily these are high pretensions, and we learn from good authority that many prominent artists and scholars have subscribed for the work, and have also expressed their opinion that Mr. Felt has made, as some of them phrase it, "the greatest discovery of the age." Our own opinion is that Mr. Felt is an honest enthusiast, who may have made some geometrical discoveries, but who is fearfully deluded on the subject of the "Kaballah," and whose work will throw no light whatever on "ancient mysteries," whether of art or of language, of religion or of history.

Mr. Richard Frothingham has written an account of "The Rise of the Republic of the United States," in which he has been animated, he tells us, by one clear and distinct object of tracing the development of the national life. In its preparation he tried "to form a picture of the many streams that met and united in the current which terminated in the broad expanse of a nation," and also "endeavored to form an idea of the spirit of the men of the past from their own words, uttered in the midst of their labors, and wet, as it were, with the sweat of their brows—of the conservatives who tried to stay the current, as well as of the men of progress who recognized it, and were borne onward by it." Mr. Frothingham's work gathers a great fund of information bearing upon the formation of our government, and its value is unquestionable; but, whether he has accurately analyzed the elements which compose the government, or fully expressed all the views that animated those who helped to form it, will probably be questioned by some readers. It is written in the interest of the national idea

of the Union, and hence will meet with some dissent from those who believe in the federal limitations of the central authority. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

One of the noblest and handsomest volumes of recent issue is Francis Wey's splendidly-illustrated quarto descriptive of the imperial city of Rome. This really superb volume is crowded with illustrations, nearly all of which are beautifully executed, delineating all the ruins of ancient and the places of modern Rome—its palaces, its churches, its streets, its aqueducts and bridges, its works of art, and also its priests and citizens. The volume is prefaced with an introduction by W. W. Story, in which the eminent sculptor praises the illustrations without reservation. The work is, indeed, a splendid memorial of the ancient city, exhibiting its treasures of art and architecture with a fulness and faithfulness that convey to the imaginations of those who have never visited it a just appreciation of this historical and ecclesiastical wonder. The American edition is published by D. Appleton & Co.

The venerable A. Bronson Alcott, who now in his seventy-third year lives in honored retirement in the famous old town of Concord, Massachusetts, has just put forth a volume of reminiscences, reflections, and observations, under the title of "Concord Days." It is full of quaint sayings and wise suggestions, and abounds in personal details about Emerson, Hawthorne, Channing, Thoreau, the authors who have made Concord illustrious in the annals of American literature. Mr. Alcott has the reputation of being one of the best talkers of the day, and, though his skill with the pen is not equal to his skill with the tongue, his independence of thought, his originality, honesty, and wide experience, give him a claim to be heard. He has, we think, put his best writing into this book. (Roberts Brothers.)

One of the most important books of the season is "Oriental and Linguistic Studies," by William Dwight Whitney, Professor of Sanscrit and Comparative Philology in Yale College. Professor Whitney, although still a young man, has attained the reputation of being the foremost Sanscrit scholar of this country, and one of the best of living philologists. The papers collected into this volume have appeared in the *North-American Review*, *Christian Examiner*, *Bibliotheca Sacra*, and other periodicals of high character, where they attracted attention by their profound learning and forcible reasoning. They are chiefly on the Vedas and on the various theories of the origin of language, and form a most valuable contribution to the controversy now going on as to the nature and history of human speech. (Scribner & Co.)

"Ovarian Tumors; their Pathology, Diagnosis, and Treatment, especially by Ovariectomy," by E. Randolph Peaslee, Professor of Gynecology in the Medical Department of Dartmouth College, has just appeared from the press of D. Appleton & Co. This important contribution to our medical literature was undertaken, says the preface, "from a conviction that a practical treatise in the English language upon the subjects of which it treats is greatly needed. While several writers have published their individual experience, more or less extensive, as ovariectomists, no work has appeared of broader scope, which proposes to cover the whole ground, so far as is practicable within the limits of a single volume." Published by D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Edward Eggleston's "Ecozier Schoolmaster" was a great success, and we have now, from the same author, a novel which he entitles "The End of the World." It is described as a "love story." It is a picture of Western country-life, very faithfully and spiritedly done, and its enigmatical title is explained by the fact that some of its incidents turn upon the Millerite expectation of the end of all mundane things, which some twenty years ago reached to a pitch of high religious excitement in some parts of the country. Mr. Eggleston has made a marked success as a delineator of American life and character.

Messrs. Scribner & Co., in continuation of their "Illustrated Library of Travel," publish "Travels in South Africa," compiled and arranged by Bayard Taylor. This is mainly a compend of Livingstone's and Andersen's (which name the editor spells Anderson) explorations in the southern part of the continent of Africa. A chapter is given to Moffat's missionary journeys, and two to the travels of Magyar, the Hungarian explorer. The volume is profusely if not handsomely illustrated.

We have, from Putnam & Co., a collection of papers, by Professor Schele de Vere, on the early annals of our country, which is called "The Romance of American History." It includes an article on the origin of the Indian races, on the discovery of the Mississippi, on the romance of Pocahontas, and other subjects, many of which are old, but are here set forth with much new learning and in charming style.

"Thirty Years in the Harem; or, the Autobiography of Melek-Hanum, wife of H. H. Kebriid-Mehemet-Pasha," is a work calculated to awaken the curious interest of every reader. The mysteries, the wonders, the romance of this obscure phase of Oriental life, are described with apparent truthfulness and with sufficient fulness of detail.

Scientific Notes.

A SINGULARLY beautiful and simple method of distinguishing between certain of the more familiar organic acids has lately been proposed, which, should it prove sufficiently positive and characteristic, may be found to be of great practical value both to the chemist and apothecary. The application of this test may be described as follows: When a crystal of crude carbolic acid is placed gently upon the surface of clear, cool water, contained in a perfectly clean vessel, it will, after a few rapid vibrations, suddenly liquefy, and the drop thus formed will assume at once a peculiar and characteristic form, known as its *cohesion-figure*. It will then glide and rotate upon the surface of the water with the activity and grace of a living creature, now sailing gently in crescent curves, then shooting from one side of the vessel to the other, again revolving so rapidly as to shoot off volleys of small globules in radial lines, and finally bursting like a miniature shell, each separate portion assuming the characteristic figure. It is the form of these figures that makes the phenomenon one of peculiar interest, for in every case the form assumed is the same for the same liquid. Creosote, carbolic acid, and crocylic acid, have each a figure peculiar to itself, and one that, by the aid of a chart or previous knowledge, may be readily identified. C. Tomlinson, who has made these figures a special study, classifies the movements of the drop of creosote under three

heads: (1) As soon as the drop is placed on the surface of the water, the figure is formed for an instant; (2) it splits open, and forms a kind of brittle arc, which (3) is shivered into a number of separate disks, each of which is a perfect cohesion-figure of creosote. The conditions essential to the success of this experiment are, that the water be cool and clear.

There has lately appeared, from the pen of Dr. Despine, a short treatise on moral contagion, which may be regarded as a valuable contribution to social-science literature, containing, as it does, a large number of important facts and statistics, from which the writer draws certain conclusions, and upon which he does not hesitate to found a law. After a thorough examination of the police-reports and other records of crime, the first conclusion arrived at is, that "crimes, particularly those of a graver description, generally occur in epidemics." Assuming this to be established, and arguing on the basis that moral contagion is simply a natural phenomenon, and hence owes its existence, growth, or decay, to the operation of some natural law, the author defines this law as follows: "Every manifestation of the instincts of the mind, of the sentiments and passions of every kind, excites similar sentiments and passions in individuals who are capable of feeling them in a certain intensity." Although, in its connection, having a more direct reference to evil sentiments and passions, the writer does not confine the law to emotions of this class, but extends its operations to the good and the evil alike, thus causing it to act as a promoter of morals as well as of crimes.

An ingenious application of the principle of the Geissler luminous electrical tubes has lately been devised, which promises to prove of great service to the surgeon and medical practitioner. The Geissler tubes, as our readers may know, are constructed as follows: A glass tube, either straight or spiral, or composed of a series of connecting bulbs, is sealed at one end, a fine platinum wire having been first inserted, so that it shall project a short distance into the interior. The open end is then connected with an air-pump, and a vacuum created, which is partially relieved by the introduction of some foreign gas, as hydrogen, nitrogen, or carbonic acid. This end is then sealed, enclosing a second wire. When these wires are connected with the opposite poles of an electric battery, a current of electricity is made to pass across the tube from one of the enclosed points to the other. The result is a brilliant illumination of the whole interior, the color of the light being characteristic of the gas thus electrified. The practical application of this principle consists in giving to the tube the form of a miniature lantern, the communication with the battery being made through fine insulated wires. This illuminated bulb or tube is attached to a suitable handle, and may then be introduced into the throat of the patient or the cavity of a wound, thus enabling the surgeon to operate with less fear of injury to the adjacent vital or healthy organs.

Miscellany.

Cooper's Novels.

MR. HAZEWELL, the veteran critic of the *Boston Traveller*, on noticing Appleton's edition of Cooper's "Pioneers," says:

It is now just fifty years since Mr. Cooper wrote this work, as the Preface to the first edi-

tion—the last part of a book that is written, and often the last that is read—bears date January 1, 1833. At that remote time an American author of high rank was a novelty. Scott's fame was then at the zenith, in respect to his novels, and an American who then durst venture into the field in the same pursuit showed courage that amounted to hardihood. Mr. Cooper had written two works of fiction before he began "The Pioneers," one of which, "Precaution," was a dead failure, and deserved to fail; but the other, "The Spy," ranks, and deserves to rank, with the very best works of its class in all languages. It became popular the moment it appeared, and now, after the lapse of more than half a century, it is as much read, and as much admired, as it was at a period that events and changes have removed much farther from us than it has been removed by time. "The Pioneers" speedily followed, and was received with every evidence of favor, and it has kept its place with readers. It owes its popularity to the lively pictures it gives of the early life of an American settlement of the better sort, at the close of the eighteenth century. The time is the closing week of 1793—Christmas-tide—and the ensuing ten months, so that we have in it all the seasons, and all their vicissitudes, from the fierce frozen energies of an American winter to the melancholy beauties of an American autumn. It begins with December, and ends with October, thus forming a poetical as well as a practical antithesis, of the most delightful nature. At the time of the tale, the American world was confined, for the most part, to that narrow strip of territory on the western shore of the Atlantic, which constituted the country as it was at the close of the colonial age. Here and there settlements had been pushed into "the bush," but the American mind had not then assumed the expansive force that was necessary for the conquest of the continent. It was only beginning to think of that conquest, and there were a few skirmishes with the wilderness. The Indian was yet a character of some consequence, even in the East, while far on this side of his present abodes he was a terrible creature, carrying on vigorous warfare in Ohio, and keeping up in Kentucky that State's title to be considered "the dark and bloody ground." Consequently, the county of Otsego, near the centre of New York State, was a remote part of the country in 1794, and Templeton, the only town in "The Pioneers" (the Cooperstown of fact), was more remote from the shore towns—as New York, Philadelphia, and Boston—than now it is from San Francisco and Sacramento. Seventy-eight years have sufficed to make the change—and a child born at Cooperstown in 1794 may have lived to see it made, and not yet be counted among octogenarians. Between the time of which Mr. Cooper wrote and the time in which he wrote there had passed twenty-eight years, in which wonderful changes had occurred, but they were as nothing compared with what have since come to pass. Ohio was still "the West" in 1822, and to "go to Ohio" then was to make a long journey indeed. Mr. Cooper's life synchronized with the changes that converted Cooperstown from a village to an opulent town, and he was a close observer of what took place there. His father founded the place, and the son saw it grow from weakness to strength. He tells what he saw, and so "The Pioneers" preserves for us old phases of eastern American life, which, though men living shared them, seem to most of us as remote as if they had belonged to some distant country in a remote age. The story is purely fictitious, but most of the incidents are facts, and the general picture is correctly painted. The scene

was a favorite with the author, who returned to it in "Home as Found," and in "The Deerslayer," the latter work being the first in the order of time, and the last in the order of publication, of "The Leather-Stocking Tales." This was natural, for as men advance in years they are prone to turn to the scenes of their childhood. But "Home as Found," though a clever work, was not liked in America, as it dealt freely with the frailties and imperfections of Americans, and we are too "free a people, sir," to be pleased when the freedom is taken to show that we do not escape the common infirmities of humanity. So the later associations with Templeton are not always pleasant. But in 1822 it was one of the most delightful places that ever was created by novelist, and all were charmed with the details of that semi-forest life to which it was devoted; and the account of the danger of Elizabeth Temple when she met the panther was as popular a passage as the account of the danger of Rebecca of York in Torquilstone, as told by Scott. The Leather-Stocking himself was made a member of the picture-gallery of fiction, and there he will remain in permanence, his place being as secure as that of the best of Sir Walter's creations. It was the popularity of this character, we must presume, that led the author to revive it in no less than four other works, greatly to the gratification of the novel-reading world. As some young persons may read what we write, perhaps we couldn't better show that good-nature which is our chief characteristic than by telling them the order in which "The Leather-Stocking Tales" should be taken, in order to get the most enjoyment from so agreeable a course of reading. They should reverse the order in which the tales were written, taking first "The Deerslayer," which appeared in 1842, and in which Natty Bumppo (Deerslayer) is a youth of twenty, or thereabout. Then, "The Last of the Mohicans" should be read, in which the same character appears as Hawkeye, and is verging toward middle life. The next in order is "The Pathfinder," the name of the tale being the appellation of the hero on the frontier. The time is but a year or two later than the time of "The Last of the Mohicans." The next of the series is "The Pioneers," in which the alert Pathfinder appears as the Leather-Stocking, an old but hardy man of some seventy years. "The Prairie" closes the series, and in that the Leather-Stocking has become the Trapper of the Far West, and is verging upon ninety years—and in that work he dies. We have given the order in which they should be read, but the following is the order in which they were written and published: "The Pioneers" in 1823, "The Last of the Mohicans" in 1826, "The Prairie" in 1827, "The Pathfinder" in 1840, and "The Deerslayer" in 1842. They embrace a period of some seventy years, the time of "The Deerslayer" being about 1740, that of "The Last of the Mohicans" 1757, that of "The Pathfinder" 1759, that of "The Pioneers" 1793-'94, and that of "The Prairie" between 1805 and 1810. This keeping up of the same character in five successive works was something new when Mr. Cooper closed the series, but the late Alexandre Dumas did as much at a somewhat later day—and perhaps he did more. Some others among writers of fiction have kept some of their creations for use in a number of their works—Mr. Thackeray did so with great success—but our impression is that Mr. Cooper is the first writer of fiction who did so to the extent of five works, between the beginning and the close of which sixty-five years elapse. The character of the Leather-Stocking is a very popular one, and his fame is as noted as if he

had been invented by Shakespeare. It is a widely-spread fame, too, for no other writer of fiction in English has been more extensively favored by translators than Mr. Cooper, some of his works having been rendered even into Oriental tongues. Perhaps the author erred in not adding a sixth work to the series, one that should have had the War of the Revolution for its time, as that contest would have afforded fine opportunities for the display of Hawkeye's extraordinary qualities as a scout and a soldier; but Mr. Cooper may have been deterred from attempting any such work by the fact that his hero's principal friends, the Effinghams, were loyalists; and it never would have done to make the Leather-Stocking a tory. Much has been said of the relative merits of these novels, but each is excellent in itself, and they approach to perfection as a whole. The life on the Glimmerglass in "The Deerslayer," the canoe-chase on the Horicon in "The Last of the Mohicans," the storm on Lake Ontario in "The Pathfinder," the burning woods in "The Pioneers," and the burning prairie in "The Prairie," are each and all admirable things; but they are not better than fifty other things in these tales. We have ever felt a preference for "The Last of the Mohicans," but that may be due to the circumstance that it is the first of the series that we read regularly through, and that in the early spring-time of life. "The Pathfinder" and "The Prairie" are generally placed at the head of the series in respect to artistic construction.—The present edition of Cooper's novels, issued by the Appletons, is a very handsome one, in all respects, and is very fully illustrated by that eminent artist, F. O. C. Darley.

Livingstone's Discoveries.

When the first intelligence from Dr. Livingstone was received through the medium of his discoverer, there were grave doubts in the minds of many whether the whole affair might not be an imposition. It is fair to the enterprising correspondent who accomplished the relief of the explorer to say that there is no longer room for doubt. No one who had seen Livingstone's dispatches has any suspicion that they are other than what they are represented to be, and it remains only to examine the statements in regard to the sources of the Nile, to solve which problem was the object of the long and laborious wanderings of the Scotch geographer. For even he is not infallible. He has not traced the Nile through its whole extent, so as to be sure that his theories are absolutely correct. Many of those who have studied the question refuse altogether to accept his conclusions. But he has exposed the errors of some who have preceded him, and has given, in a clear and distinct form, the reasons which bring him to his present judgment. We will endeavor to explain briefly the question which will soon be debated hotly by the partisans of the several discoverers.

Captains Speke and Grant, following up a large river which they presumed to be the Nile, came to a large lake, which they partially explored. Passing to another point they came to a body of water, which they supposed to be a part of the same lake. In this manner they explored a considerable portion of the country between one degree north and three degrees south of the equator, and fancied that they had discovered a great inland sea, covering twenty thousand square miles. This lake they named the Victoria Nyanza, and proclaimed it the source of the Nile. Upon all modern maps this lake is laid down. Captain Sir Samuel Baker, a few years later, adopted the error of Captain Speke, if error it is, and discovered

the Albert Nyanza, which was then, and is now, of unknown extent, but is undoubtedly a very large lake. The Albert lake he claimed to be a second source of the Nile. The mistakes attributed to these explorers by Dr. Livingstone are twofold in their character. In the first place, he has established that the Victoria Nyanza is not one great inland sea, but a collection of several large lakes; and, secondly, he contends that neither the Victoria nor the Albert Lake is the true source of the Nile, but that they are merely the sources of tributaries. We may illustrate both the alleged errors by imagining what might have happened when the continent of America was a "howling wilderness." If an explorer, starting from New York, had travelled in a north-westerly direction until he reached Lake Ontario, had sailed across it, thence struck into the interior, still proceeding northwest, until he reached the coast of the Georgian Bay, and thence again to the northern coast of Lake Superior; if, following Superior round to its west and southern coast, thence proceeding south-eastwardly to the southern end of Lake Michigan, and after another land journey reaching the southern shore of Lake Erie, he had finally arrived at the point of starting, he might have concluded that he had travelled around one fresh-water sea of enormous extent, instead of several great inland lakes. This seems to have been precisely what Speke and Grant did. And it is not a little curious that Speke himself at different times calculated the altitude of Victoria Nyanza very differently, three several observations at various points giving him altitudes of 3,740 feet, 3,308 feet, and 3,553 feet, without giving a suspicion that he had been measuring the height of three several lakes. The other mistake which is attributed to former explorers is as if Captain Speke, searching for the sources of the Mississippi, had followed the Ohio to its sources, and as if Sir Samuel Baker had sailed up the Missouri to its head-waters, both leaving the real great stream still unexplored. The extreme southern limit of the Victoria Nyanza is in three degrees of southern latitude, but Dr. Livingstone claims to have gone to ten and twelve degrees south. His reasons for believing that he examined the true Nile basin are chiefly the general lay of the land and the size of the river which he traced so far. It could belong, he contends, to no other river than the Nile. But we must wait until he rectifies our maps before we can learn with any thing like accuracy the geography of Africa, and meanwhile we expect a very lively opposition to Dr. Livingstone's theories by the friends of former explorers whose hasty conclusions are so vigorously attacked.

Turtles.

Turtles live to a great age. In a document preserved among the archives of one of the old cathedrals of England there is an account of an old turtle, kept in a garden at Petersborough, that was known to have been about two hundred and twenty years old. He was so tame and so much attached to the gardener that he would run to meet him, and would eat out of his hand. His food, in the early part of the season, was lettuce, dandelions, green peas, etc. In the latter part of the season he fed on fruits exclusively, such as currants, raspberries, pears, apples, and peaches; and he was so excessively fond of strawberries and gooseberries that, to restrict his depredations upon those fruits, the gardener punched a hole through his shell, inserted a chain, and kept him part of the time chained up to a tree. He would eat no animal food nor take any liquid. This turtle weighed thirteen pounds, and he would

walk across the garden with a weight of two hundred and fifty pounds upon his back! In cloudy weather he would scoop out a cavity in his ground where he would repose, torpid and inactive, until the warmth of the sun roused him from his slumber. About the beginning of October he went into his winter quarters, selecting for many years a particular corner of the garden, where he would dig a hole in an inclined direction, and enter the ground in the manner of a mole. The depth to which he penetrated varied with the character of the approaching season, being from one to two feet according as the following winter was mild or severe. For about a month before entering his dormitory he took no food. He came out about the first of April, and waited about two weeks before taking any sustenance.

An Apparition.

A young lady from New York has been visiting relatives in this city during the past two weeks, and had made arrangements to return home last Friday night, having a strong impression upon her mind that she must go home without delay. For the sake of the company of a relative on her journey home, however, she was induced to postpone her departure until Monday evening last. On Sunday morning, after a quiet night's rest, she was suddenly awakened between three and four o'clock, and saw a figure distinctly, or was convinced she did, standing in her room, near the door, looking toward her. The figure bore an exact resemblance to a sister she left at home in New York in her usual health. The young lady got up and went toward the apparition, and it disappeared. She then opened a window and looked out, but, seeing nothing more of the figure or any thing else unusual, she returned to her room and fell asleep again. In a short time she was awakened and saw the apparition of her sister again, with the same life-like appearance and in the same position as before. She got up again, and, as she advanced toward it, it receded from her approach and disappeared as before. Again she looked about from room to room and out of the window, but saw nothing more of it. Being now too much excited to sleep longer, she dressed herself and remained sitting up in her chamber, waiting for daylight. Her uncle, who is an early riser, heard her moving about the room, and, on his inquiring why she was up so early, she related her experience as stated above, and, when the family had all risen, it was the subject of general remark and comment. On Sunday noon the young lady received a dispatch from New York informing her that her sister had died suddenly at the very hour the apparition appeared in her chamber.—*Providence Journal*, September 11th.

A Discreet Highlander.

The Duke of Athol having one day, at Blair-Athol, entertained a large party at dinner, produced in the evening many curious and interesting family relics for their inspection, among them a small watch which had belonged to Charles Stuart, and been given by him to one of the duke's ancestors. When the company were upon the point of departing, the watch was suddenly missed, and was searched for in vain upon the table and about the apartments. The duke was exceedingly vexed, and declared that, of all the articles he had exhibited, the lost watch was the one that he most valued. The guests naturally became exceedingly uncomfortable, and eyed each other suspiciously. No person was present, however, who could possibly be suspected, and courtesy forbade any stronger step than the marked ex-

pression of the noble host's extreme annoyance and distress. Each departed to his home in an exceedingly unenviable state of mind, and the mysterious disappearance of the royal relic was a subject of discussion for several months in society. A year afterward, the duke, being again at Blair-Athol, was dressing for dinner, and in the breast-pocket of a coat which his valet had handed to him, felt something which proved to be the missing watch. "Why, —!" exclaimed his grace, addressing his man by his name, "here's the watch we hunted everywhere in vain for!" "Yes, sir," replied the man, gravely; "I saw your grace put it in your pocket." "You saw me put it in my pocket, and never mentioned it! Why didn't you speak at once, and prevent all that trouble and unpleasant feeling?" "I didna ken what might ha'e been your grace's intentions," was the reply of the faithful and discreet Highlander, who saw every thing, but said nothing, unless he were directly interrogated.

Foreign Items.

THE *Paris Figaro* relates the following amusing anecdote: A gentleman had purchased a plaster-of-Paris copy of the Venus of Milo. He gave his address to the merchant, and asked him to send it to his house. On the following morning he asked his footman: "Joseph, has a plaster-of-Paris statue been brought to the house?" "Yes, sir," replied Joseph; "they brought here a large woman in plaster-of-Paris, but I refused to receive it." "Why, Joseph?" "Well, sir, her two arms were broken off; and I know you, sir—you would have surely said that it was I who did it."

People in America and Europe have heard of all sorts of strikes; but that an emperor should strike for higher wages is surely news to them. And yet that is the very thing the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria has done. Hitherto the poor man received a beggarly civil list of five million florins. He has now informed the Parliaments of Austria and Hungary that, unless they allow him an additional two million, he will have to go to the poor-house!

Policemen in Berlin receive a dollar and a quarter a day; in Munich, one dollar; in Vienna, one dollar and ten cents; in Venice, ninety cents; in Paris, two dollars; in Madrid, one dollar and a half; in Rome, eighty-five cents; in Bucharest, seventy-five cents; in St. Petersburg, sixty cents; in Copenhagen, one dollar; and in Stockholm, one dollar and fifteen cents. In Constantinople they have to content themselves with forty cents.

The ill-fated Empress Carlotta will leave a fortune of five million dollars, which will be inherited by her brothers, the King of Belgium and the Count of Flanders. She had vainly tried to take her whole capital with her to Mexico. Her brother, the king, refused to let her have it, and paid her only the interest. Her father, King Leopold I., left his three children a fortune of fifteen million dollars in cash.

Professor Plantamour, despite his comet *Asseco*, has been received with distinguished honors by the leading astronomers of France during a recent visit to Paris.

"Besides President Thiers," says the *Etoile* *Blige*, "every man connected with the Versailles Government is exceedingly unpopular."

Bismarck says that, if a monarchy were to be reestablished in France, he would rather see at its head Prince Jerome Napoleon than anybody else, inasmuch as the well-known peaceable character of the prince would be certain to prevent him from declaring war against Germany.

The official organ of the Greek Government contains a curious article in answer to the oft-repeated charge that King Georgios I. is too parsimonious. It says the king is the most liberal of monarchs. What a pity that his civil list is so small!

The sale of about twenty American journals is prohibited in the states of the German Empire. Among them are six New-York papers. The cause of their prohibition, in most instances, is having spoken disrespectfully of German princes.

A lady in-Marseilles has sued a hair-dresser for two thousand francs' damages. He had offered to dye her brown hair red, and, in consequence of his operations, it turned violet. She was obliged to have her head shaved.

Servia, strange as it may seem, is said to be one of the best-administered states in Europe. It has a well-drilled army of one hundred and thirty thousand men, good schools, light taxes, and no national debt.

There is much excitement in Lisbon in consequence of the rumor that Queen Maria Pia of Portugal, whose godfather is Pope Pius IX., has determined to abandon the Catholic faith and to turn Protestant.

Three Chinamen have obtained a patent in Paris for a new system of telegraphy. Their names are Wonang-Thin-Yong, Ouan-Pinchi-Yu, and Li-Yong-Fou-Deng. They will come to the United States for the same purpose.

The German *Baltic Gazette* says that the sea-voyage of Prince Alexis has already cost the Russian emperor more money than was ever spent by a grand-duke of the Romanoff family on his travels.

Perhaps few journals in large cities pay less for telegraphic dispatches than those of Madrid. The whole telegraphic bill of the *España*, in July, 1872, was less than sixty dollars.

Bergeret, the Communist chief, who was sentenced to death by the court-martial at Versailles, it is said in Paris, is now teaching French in New York under an assumed name.

The *Journal de St.-Petersbourg*, the official organ of the Russian chancellor, Prince Gortschakoff, has a circulation of only four hundred and fifty copies.

It is not true that Henry Rochefort has been sent to the penal colony of New Caledonia. He is still a prisoner at the Château d'If, in France.

The Madrid *Epoca* says that Spain does not export as many Spanish books to the West Indies and South America as the United States.

Active preparations are going on at Sevastopol for making that sea-port again the most important on the shores of the Black Sea.

At the prize-singing of International Orpheonists at Geneva, the singers of Lyons, in France, carried off the palm.

The principal factory of that delicious liquor, marschينو, at Zara, in Dalmatia, has failed.

The Crown-prince of Holland is about to start on a voyage round the world.

Varieties.

THE Rev. G. A. Gillilan, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, at Brainerd, Minnesota, started for the railroad bridge across the Mississippi at that place, and swam, without halting, to Crow Wing village, eighteen miles down the river. He left the bridge at exactly one o'clock, and arrived at Crow Wing at ten minutes before five o'clock, making the eighteen miles in three hours and fifty minutes, or nearly five miles an hour. The current runs only at a fraction over three miles per hour, thus requiring him to swim nearly two miles each hour faster than the current for nearly four hours successively.

The Savannah *News* embalms in print the name of a festive youth who found a Roman candle in the house, and, chalking it perfectly white, succeeded in palming it off on his aged grandmother as a genuine tallow-candle. When that excellent lady came to light it the deception was apparent, but, by retaining her presence of mind, she fell over two chairs without seriously hurting herself. The author of the mischief now sits down with a crutch.

The census taken of the population of Italy, at the close of 1871, has yielded the following results: The entire number of inhabitants amounted to 26,789,008, against 25,024,191 in 1861, including the provinces, which at that time were not comprised within the kingdom. The total increase, therefore, amounts to 1,764,817, at which rate the population would be doubled in ninety-eight years.

Daniel Drew, the veteran Wall-Street operator, is reported to have been remarkably lucky in his speculations in the last two years, and to have made in that time seven or eight million dollars. Those pretending to know say that his estate is now worth not far from forty millions, and that he is pressing close upon his old-time rival, Cornelius Vanderbilt, who foots up fifty millions.

The following queer advertisement is from the London *Times*: "KANGAROO.—Any portion of the leopard or the bear would do, or part of the pig, but abstain from the leopard's heart and the parts next to it; for the candle will not be out then. The lion is too savage to be tamed. Don't forget the baboon's biscuits."

Monseigneur D. Conway is charmed with the preaching he hears from the village-pulpits in France. He urges American students of theology to "devote half their time abroad in listening to the French Catholic preachers, and studying the most effective pulpit style in the world."

A negro held a cow while a cross-eyed man was to knock her on the head with an axe. The negro, observing the man's eyes, in some fear inquired, "You gwine to hit whar you look?" "Yes." "Den," said Cuffee, "hold de cow yourself."

"May I leave a few tracks?" asked a traveling quack-doctor of a lady who responded to his knock. "Leave some tracks? Certainly you may," said she, looking at him most benignly over her specs; "leave them with the heel toward the house, if you please."

In a paragraph on vacations the *Christian Union* says: "It strikes us that society is so arranged that the American young lady has a pretty easy time of it, compared with her brother."

Wisconsin will have a national convention of Quakers next month. This will afford a good opportunity for some enterprising reporter to find out how the "Quaker vote" is going.

"In the whole compass of George Eliot's writings," says the *Spectator*, "we can scarcely recall a description of one happy scene, and not one happy story of life."

It is reported that the cupola at St. Peter's at Rome shows unmistakable signs of decay. A commission of papal architects and engineers has been appointed to examine it.

Denver is one of the healthiest cities on the continent.

After a great orthographical discussion in England, it has been decided that "Shakespeare" is the proper way to spell it.

The children say it's a cold weather always when house-cleaning is going on.

Old folks should be serious. Frivolous talk is bad-in-age.

Contemporary Portraits.

Louis II. of Bavaria.

ON the 25th of August, 1863, the Crown-prince (now the King) of Bavaria, according to the Bavarian law, attained his majority, he being then eighteen years old. In accordance with the wish of his father, he then began to attend the lectures of Liebig and Jolly, on the natural sciences, at the University of Munich, after which he was to have studied history, law, and the science of government, at other German schools. But, within a few months, March 10, 1864, Max II. died very suddenly, and the crown-prince acceded to the throne. At that time the Schleswig-Holstein question was being discussed; the young king continued the policy adopted by his father, and opposed the designs of Austria and Prussia—to no purpose, however, as he sequel proved.

It was in the summer of 1864 that the king, during a short sojourn at Berg, became personally acquainted with Richard Wagner. The composer, in the preface to his "Ring der Nibelungen," had appealed to some German prince to make an effort to give the theatre that importance in the state which it had among the ancient Greeks. This appeal found in King Louis a willing response. His grandfather had been a liberal patron of painting and sculpture, his father of the sciences and literature, the one embellishing the capital with innumerable works of art, the other making it a great seat of learning. It therefore seemed to the youthful monarch to be his duty to bestow his royal patronage especially on music and the drama, in order that all the Muses might be equally honored at his court. It so happened that the first opera the king in his boyhood had been allowed to witness was Wagner's "Lohengrin," which, owing to its romantic subject as much as to the fascination of the music, is well calculated to fire the imagination of an ideal nature. The king seconded Wagner's plans with all the enthusiasm of youth, spent considerable sums on the opera and the drama, and showered favors on the composer; but the praiseworthy ambition of the youthful monarch was unappreciated in various influential quarters, and his plans met with determined opposition. Certain persons, who thought it would be detrimental to their individual interests to have Wagner's ideas carried out, gave his majesty no peace until he consented to allow Wagner, after a residence of fifteen months at the capital, to take up his residence elsewhere. But the king's patronage was not withdrawn from the composer in his exile; Louis's bounty not only rendered him independent, but provided liberally for the production of his works. This friendship between the young King of Bavaria and Wagner has made both men much more widely known than they otherwise would have been, and has contributed not a little to giving the latter his present enviable position among living composers.

Soon after his accession to the government, Louis voluntarily yielded certain of his prerogatives to the representatives of the peo-

ple, which, together with the stand he took on the "infallibility question," giving Dollinger his support, sufficiently proves either that he has the welfare of his subjects at heart, or that he is wise enough to adopt the surest means by which a European monarch may retain his crown for himself and his posterity.

Louis has great taste for literary and philosophic studies, and spends most of his leisure hours in his library. He is familiar with all the greater poets, and especially so with the epic and dramatic poets.

The most notable structure that as yet owes its existence to the young king is his new summer residence at Hohenschwangau, on the top of which he has a garden à la Semiramis.

One of his majesty's most marked characteristics is his truly royal generosity and benevolence. The



LOUIS II. OF BAVARIA.

worthy never appeal to him in vain. He is always foremost in every work that has for its object the amelioration of the lower orders, giving with a liberal hand from his private purse.

He is fond of retirement; a few persons only of congenial tastes form his daily companionship. With these he is unceremonious and exceedingly amiable, his manner toward them being always marked by the most delicate consideration. His majesty is still a bachelor, and, from present appearances, is likely to remain so. He seems content with the love of his people, which he really has, for they sincerely believe that with him their weal is paramount to every other consideration. To this belief he is indebted for the sobriquet by which he is already known throughout Germany — "Ludwig der Deutsche."

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